

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



No. 10.—VOL. I.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1856.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

## THE ELECTION OF SPEAKER.

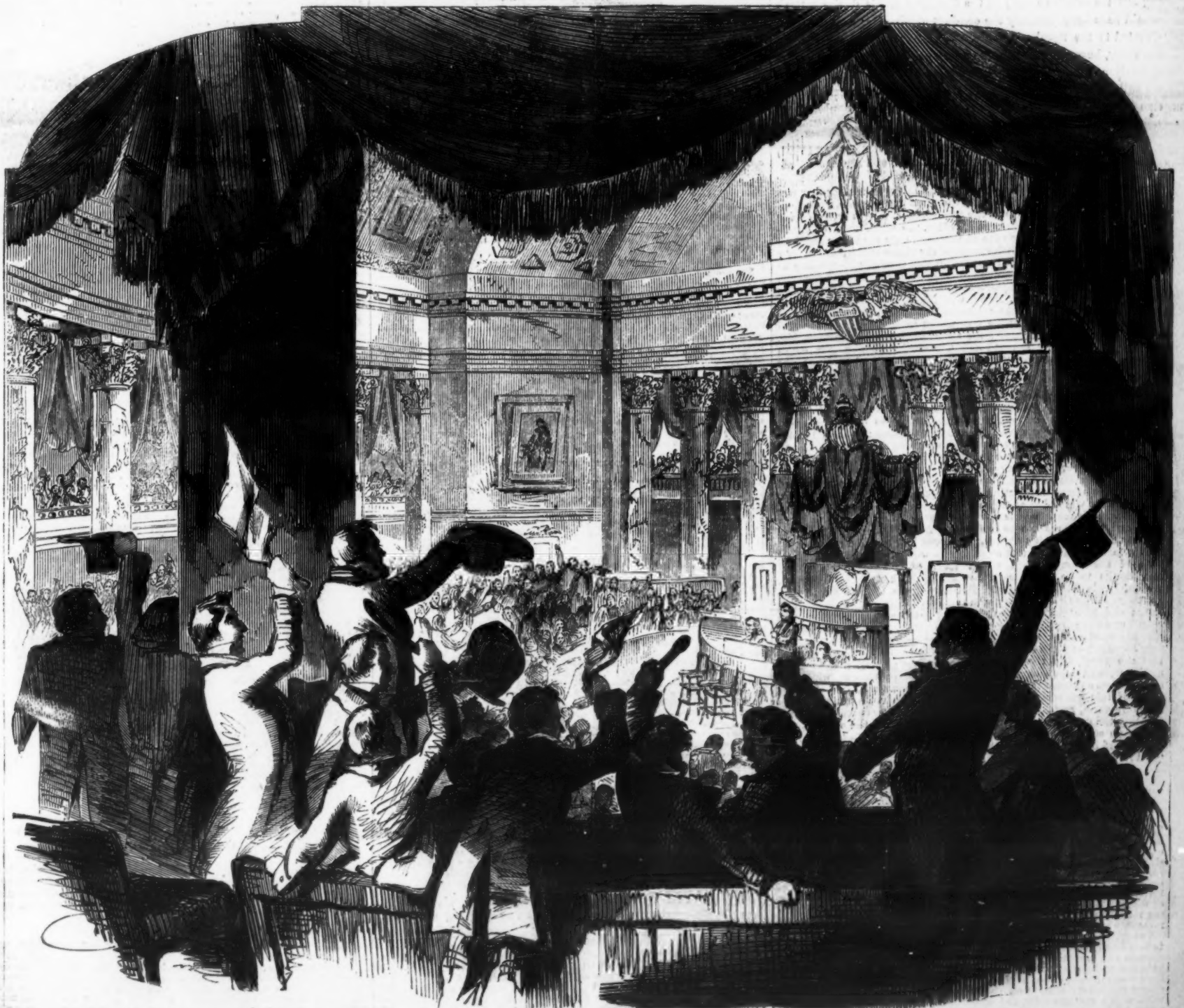
THE long struggle to organize the U. S. House of Representatives, by the choice of a speaker, just ended in the election of N. P. Banks, jr., of Massachusetts, has developed some new phases in our political character, that are worthy of special observation. At the formation of our government and for many years after, when the great principles controlling the currency, the tariff, and legislation generally were unsettled, the assembling of Congress was an important event, and the nation took an interest in its proceedings. But, as years rolled on, and the government machinery became settled and in good working order, the assembling of Congress has gradually become a matter of indifference to the people at large, its interest narrowing itself down to "claimants' office seekers, and professed politicians. For nine weeks the press has been filled with the details of futile balloting; for nine weeks, the chicanery, the decided ability, the acknowledged rascality, the elevated character, and the total want of

character of our national representatives have been in conflict; the noise and confusion at Washington have been immense; but elsewhere throughout our broad land all has been indifference—the whole thing has been dwelt upon as a farce involving no serious consequences, and absolutely relieving the country from just so many days of pernicious legislation: in plainer language, the assembling of Congress annually is no longer absolutely necessary, and had it remained unorganized for a year or two to come, it would have been a subject of gratification rather than sorrow.

The present administration came into power with a working majority of about eighty in Congress, so great has been the change in public sentiment in the course of two years, that for nine weeks, the tremendous power wielded by the Government, has never enabled it to make a show of success in favor of its special candidate for speaker. What has brought about this result our readers can decide for themselves, but a revolution so

extraordinary has never before been exhibited in the sentiment of any intelligent self governing people.

In the election of Mr. Banks, it cannot be denied that for the first time in our history, sectionalism has apparently prevailed. Presiding officer as he is, over the House of Representatives, his elevation was not acknowledged by votes representing the entire country, the South throughout the contest ignored him, and his principles; from the West and North alone he received the support which secured him his elevation, yet for all this seeming want of sympathy with Mr. Banks, the Southern representatives the moment his election was declared, were among the first to step forward, acknowledge him as presiding officer, and with a gallantry worthy of true knights, desired to assist in his installation as Speaker. This sublime lesson of acquiescence to the will of the majority displayed by that prince of Southern men, Mr. Aikin, followed by Mr. Campbell and Mr. Fuller, is worth all the turmoil that has preceded Mr. Banks' election. Upon the brow



EXCITING SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF N. P. BANKS, JR., AS SPEAKER.



of these men glistens the germ of true American nobility. Their chivalrous conduct revives the hopes of the desponding patriot, and encourages the belief, that the spirit of our revolutionary fathers still lives in their successors, in the arena of political strife.

Honest and intelligent people, who love their country, are often led astray by the fierce contentions which rage among politicians and have in this spirit regarded the result of the recent election of Speaker with unusual interest. The papers have severally informed us, that whoever might be elected in this contest, one section or the other of the Union was to be involved in civil commotion as a result, and we have had the fiercest appeals to the passions, the prejudices, to every thing but sound sense and patriotism. We are among those who feel no alarm from these direful manifestations. The history of the past teaches us, that we may safely trust the future, that men, however narrow minded or sectional they may be at home among their constituents, no sooner become elevated to a position upon the Federal platform, than their minds expand, and they have no feelings which do not affectionately take in the whole country. No prominent politician teaches us this lesson more conclusively than Gov. Wise of Virginia. While an aspirant for gubernatorial honors, he harangued through the "old Dominion," knowing nothing but Virginia; he appealed to the local prejudices of his constituents, and made border war upon the sister States whenever and wherever it suited his selfish purposes. Smoking hot from his stump exhortations came forth armed legions, ready at his bidding, to imbue their hands in fraternal blood; he triumphs, his ambition for the moment is gratified, and he retires to his plantation to growl himself into quietude.

Suddenly, he is mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency, he instantly breaks through the contracted shell of his gubernatorial dignity, and has a good word to say in behalf of constituencies residing in distant states. The prize of the Presidency looms up more brilliantly, and the Governor takes advantage of the just adjourned "Southern Convention," to eulogize the Union, and nothing but the Union, and to distinguish himself, for ignoring Virginia, Acorn, and war threatenings, to secure himself the Prize of the Presidential chair.

Mr. Orr of South Carolina, and Mr. Banks of Massachusetts represented in themselves, the extremes of political sentiment in this country. Mr. Banks, by force of circumstances, has been elected the Speaker, the indications are, that he will make an impartial presiding officer, that he will be governed by a strict adherence to the Constitution, knowing no north and no south, nothing but the whole country in the discharge of his duties. Such would have been precisely the conduct of Mr. Orr had he been elevated to the Speaker's chair. Whatever may be the signs of the times, however threatening may be political agitation, however difficult may apparently be the solution of our national politics, we still trust to the good sense of the people for a peaceable solution of every question—we "never despair of the Republic."

#### EXCITING SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF N. P. BANKS, JUN., AS SPEAKER.

THE one hundred and thirty-third and final vote for Speaker was taken amid breathless anxiety, and the most intense excitement—it was felt by all who witnessed the proceedings, that it would decide the contest. The rapid changes in votes, the withdrawal of candidates, even after the experience of the past, only made the result of the election certain, but left the name of the victor still in doubt. As the counting of the ballots proceeded, it was fearfully interesting to witness the various expressions of Congressmen and spectators, heightened by the artificial glare of gas light, for it was now waning toward seven o'clock. Mr. Benson of Maryland rose to announce the result. The moment he attempted to speak, the expression of his face gave token of what he was about to say, and murmurs of exultation, of indignation, of hope and fear filled the vast assembly. "Order!" "order!" shouted the Clerk—the silence like death ensued. Mr. Benson announced that Mr. Banks had received one hundred and three votes, Mr. Aiken one hundred, and that Nathaniel P. Banks, Jr., of Mass., was elected Speaker for the Thirty-fourth Congress. Then there rolled out upon the oppressive stillness a long, loud shout of pent up feeling, even those who were defeated joined in the electrical exultation; the ladies, rising in a body, clapped their hands, and wildly waved their handkerchiefs; in the lobbies members threw up their overcoats, beavers, and walking sticks, and for a few minutes the scene in the galleries and on one side of the House, was one of most tumultuous excitement.

Mr. Aiken of South Carolina then rose in his place and desired the privilege of now conducting Mr. Banks to the Speaker's chair. The applause which hailed this act of magnanimity was only equalled by that which succeeded the announcement of the result; and more than one strong man, who had never faltered when the fight was fiercest, now sank in his seat, overpowered by generous emotion.

The last act of this sublime spectacle was now closed. A formal vote of the House, from which forty only excepted, declared Mr. Banks to be the Speaker, and the Clerk appointed Messrs. Aiken, Lewis D. Campbell and H. M. Fuller a Committee to conduct him to the Chair. They congratulated him, and fulfilled this duty; and Mr. Giddings, as the eldest member of the House, was called upon to administer the accustomed oath. Mr. Banks walked directly up the steps of the Speaker's desk—a manner not heretofore observed—and as his hand touched the chair, the Clerk handed him the gavel, and then another tremendous shout burst from the audience, and was succeeded by an impressive silence, while the Speaker gave utterance to his brief and appropriate speech. At the close of this address, Mr. Banks raised his right hand in position for affirmation, and Mr. Giddings, standing in the centre of the area fronting the desk, in a loud firm tone administered the oath, thus—"You do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States, so help you God!" The Speaker responded—"I do!"—and so the spectacle ended.

#### LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

##### MEXICO.

THE news from Mexico is of the greatest importance, affording another chapter in that melancholy history of national decay and dissolution of which that country is the arena. The government so lately established by a successful rising against Santa Anna, is now in turn assailed by multiplied sections, and a revolution is in full tide of success. In the great city itself things appear quiet enough; but it is only that calm which precedes a storm. Highway robberies are rife. Two unfortunate foreigners were murdered by the gentlemen of the road the other day, just beyond Orizaba. They refused to submit to being robbed, and were accordingly summarily disposed of. These robbers are invariably soldiers or deserters.

Two principal events have taken place which clearly manifest that Mexico is to be delivered over again to the strife of the combined factions opposed to the attempt at progress and reform. In the first place Gen. La Llave, who had been sent against Gutierrez (who was in rebellion in the Llanos de Apam) with a force of one thousand men, has deserted and joined the latter with all his troops except about forty men. Gen. Castillo was afterwards sent against the same rebel with a stronger force, and while on the way from Puebla to the place where Gutierrez was stationed, or where he was said to be (Zacapanatlan) this

same Castillo, together with the whole of his troops, except two subordinate officers, revolted against the government, proclaiming the plan submitted by Gutierrez, Haro y Tamariz, Uruga, and other worthies of the conservative order. The government, seeing the danger it is in, is occupied in taking such measures as are in its power to sustain itself against the endeavors of those men—the principal of which is the arming of the National Guard. It is being formed throughout the country, and over a thousand have arrived in the capital from the towns in the vicinity of the city. Another measure was to banish all the unemployed military officers.

The second event is the escape of Haro y Tamariz from custody while he was being conveyed to Vera Cruz. His enlargement is apprehended by the government as dangerous to its safety, and his alliance to the troops of Gutierrez will afford him ample means for effecting the mischief to which his factious spirit will prompt him. The government has issued a circular ordering his recapture, but up to the present nothing is known or supposed to be known of his whereabouts.

In the meantime great plans are in inception. *El Monitor Republicano* has published various documents said to have been found in the residence of Sr. Antonio de Haro y Tamariz, containing the plan of a projected grand empire, with Iturbide or Haro y Tamariz on the throne; another crusade is preached in defence of the holy church, and a system of intrigues of the Mexican clergy is unveiled. One of the documents seized contains a plan of regeneration definitely adopted and proclaimed at the Llano del Rodeo; in which a long preamble attributes the continued series of revolutions which have disgraced the country, to the violation of the plan of Iguala and the treaties of Cordova, and a remedy for the progressing disintegration of the national elements is proposed to the "heroic Mexican nation" the following definite plan for the regeneration of their political and social future. This plan is comprised in fifteen Articles, from which we select the following:—

Article 1. The Mexican nation is, and shall be, independent and sovereign, and assumes for the third time the heroic denomination of the "Empire of Anahuac."

Art. 2. Their religion is, and shall be forever, the Roman Catholic and Apostolic, without public toleration of any other.

Art. 3. Their form of government shall be the constitutional hereditary monarchy, corresponding to the habits, customs and necessities of the country, according to the judgment of their representatives.

Art. 4. The nation proclaims immediately as their Emperor Senor Don Agustin de Iturbide, the elder; in the event of the latter not accepting the imperial dignity, they proclaim henceforth, with the same character, Senor D. Antonio de Haro y Tamariz; should the latter also decline it, their Emperor shall be whomever the Cortes assembled to this effect shall elect.

Art. 5. The secular and regular clergy, as also the army, shall enjoy their privileges and immunities according to the laws of the 31st July, 1855, and those which shall be hereafter passed.

Art. 14. The first assembled Congress shall take care that the first Emperor who accepts such an elevated and august charge, if unmarried, shall contract matrimony with a Mexican directly descended from the original and indigenous race; the choice of whom, by absolute plurality of votes, is likewise devolved on the first Congress of the constituted Cortes.

Art. 15. Until the Cortes are called together to form the imperial constitution of the country, the regency or the Emperor, if he should already exist by a previous understanding with the supreme provisional legislative Junta, are charged with giving to the present plan the interpretation and development which its spirit as well as its letter demands.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, writing from the capital on the 19th ult., thus speaks of the present aspect of affairs:—

The siege of Puebla has been opened for three days without any decisive result, as far as was yet known, having been obtained. In Mexico itself great preparations were being made for defence, in case the capital should be next attacked. Several battalions of militia had been formed, four rials a day being offered for each recruit, and an order had been issued requiring all government employees to take up arms, or, as an alternative, to quit the capital.

The government has shown itself worthy of the authority confided to it, and has issued several decrees, at once opportune and exhibiting courage and resolution.

The defection of Castillo had caused equal surprise and regret, as he was regarded as one of the most faithful servants of the country. If the Vera Cruz journals are to be taken as a guide, however, there was little fear that Puebla would fall before the forces which he thus strengthened against it. The citizens are said to have been enlisting with the greatest enthusiasm in its defence; and their courage and power on former occasions had proved victorious over far superior forces—as in 1844, when Santa Anna attacked it with 12,000 men.

#### WASHINGTON.

##### SENATE.

In the Senate, on Monday, the action of the Naval Retiring Board was again the subject of criticism. Mr. Bayard characterized the law under which the Board acted as the most barbarous ever adopted by any legislature of any civilized country. Mr. Crittenden believed it was competent for Congress to amend and abrogate the decisions of the Board, and restore the dropped and furloughed naval officers to their former positions. Mr. Adams introduced a bill to extend the term of naturalization. The Finance Committee were instructed to inquire whether small Spanish coin could be removed from circulation, or their value fixed so as to avoid fractional parts of a cent. In executive session, the appointment of Mr. Dallas, as Minister to St. James, was confirmed. All the Kansas Territorial officers, except Governor Shannon, were confirmed. On Tuesday, Mr. Weller introduced a bill authorizing the coinage, at San Francisco, of gold "unions," of the value of one hundred dollars, and "half unions," of the value of fifty dollars. Mr. Foot delivered his speech on the Central American question. He will be succeeded by Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts. On Wednesday, nothing of interest occurred. A joint resolution was adopted appropriating \$1,500 for the relief of the poor of the city. The resolution, calling for the records of the late Naval Retiring Board, was taken up, pending which an adjournment was carried. The House voted twice for printer, without effecting any choice.

##### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The protracted struggle for the Speakership was brought to a close on Saturday, the 2d inst., by the election of the Hon. N. P. Banks, which was finally brought about by the adoption of the plurality rule, Banks polling 103 votes, and Aiken 100. On Monday, the House began to assume some shape, the time being employed in duly qualifying members, and in the selection of seats. Committees were appointed to inform the President and Senate that the House was ready to proceed to business. Gen. William Cullum, of Tennessee, was, by a vote of 126 to 87, declared Clerk. A motion was made that Mr. Glossbrenner be declared Sergeant-at-Arms, pending which the House adjourned. After the adjournment, the opponents of the administration held a caucus to select candidates for Printer, and the subordinate officers of the House. On Tuesday, the House was occupied in the election of officers. Mr. Glossbrenner was chosen Sergeant-at-Arms, Nathan Darling Doorkeeper, and Robert Morris Postmaster. Pending a resolution declaring D. Follett, of Columbus, Ohio, Printer, the House adjourned. On Wednesday, no business of any importance was transacted, the attention of the House being occupied with the election of Printer. Several votes were taken without making an election, and the House adjourned.

#### NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

##### SENATE.

In the Senate, on Monday, the following petitions were presented:—By Mr. Spence, to authorize the Corporation of New York to raise money by tax. By Mr. Huntington, to abolish the office of Superintendent of Canals. By Mr. Harcourt, against a bridge at Albany. Mr. Brooks reported favorably on the act for the prevention of fires in New York, and the report of the society for the reformation of juvenile delinquents was received. Several notices of bills were given, and the following were passed to a third reading:—To extend the charter of the Orange County Mutual Insurance Company. To pay the expenses of the Harbor Commissioners. To amend the act relative to taking the testimony of persons out of the State. On Tuesday petitions were presented as follows:—For a hospital for children in New York. For a bridge at Albany over the Hudson. Against the manufacture of hats by convict labor. Bills were introduced by Mr. Brooks regulating the salaries of judicial officers. By Mr. Wadsworth, for the better preservation of the public health; to organize a distinct department in the State Government as an Insurance Department. Also a bill to secure the better observance of the Sabbath in Brooklyn. By Mr. Halstead, to erect the County of Canisteo. By Mr. Ramsey, to amend the general act relative to railroads. The bill for the incorporation of the New York and Philadelphia Steam Navigation Company was reported upon favorably. The Senate, in Committee of the Whole, took up the bill to prevent the manufacture of hats in the prisons of the State; a debate ensued; the committee reported progress. Bills passed:—To exempt the edifice and site of the "Bne Jeshurun" Society of New York to protect their cemetery—also to change their title. To amend the act incorporating the general society of mechanics and tradesmen. To pay the Harbor Commission expenses. The bill to incorporate the New York and Philadelphia Steam Navigation Company was reported upon favorably. Adjourned.

On Wednesday, petitions were presented from the Indians of New York for aid, and against the prohibition of racing in Queen's and Kings' counties. The following notices of bills were given:—To establish a general practice term of the Supreme Court. To appropriate the avails of the State tax to the support of common schools. By Mr. Sickles—To authorize children born in foreign countries, of American parents, to hold real estate. Also, to provide for the care of destitute children on Randall's Island. A short executive session was then had, after which the bill to prohibit racing in Queens county was taken up, being the special order of the day. A long debate ensued. Mr. Brooks moved that the provisions of the act shall not interfere with the use, within the limits of the act, of the places now set apart for improving the breed of horses. Lost; ayes 11, nays 14. Adjourned.

##### ASSEMBLY.

In the Assembly on Monday, petitions were presented as follows:—For a bridge across the Hudson River at Albany. For the purification of the elective franchise. For the erection of new counties, to be called Highlands, Irwin and Canisteo. Against the employment of convict labor in the manufacture of hats. Several notices of bills were given, among others one by Mr. Mahan, to abolish the office of Commissioner of Streets, in New York City, and another by A. J. Miles, to abolish the offices of Commissioner of Streets and

Commissioner of Repairs and Supplies, in New York City, and to create a new office, with increased power. Mr. A. Woods moved that the Legislature present the officers of the New York Volunteers in the Mexican war, with awards. Adopted. Mr. R. H. S. Hyde moved that the Attorney General report as to the constitutionality of the act creating the county of Schuylers. Mr. Foot moved that the late Comptroller be requested to report a bill relative to the assessment of Corporations. Passed. Mr. Northrup called up the resolution authorizing the appointment of a Joint Committee to investigate, during the recess, the affairs of all the Savings Banks in the State. After a long debate the motion was negatived, and the House proceeded to the consideration of general orders. On Tuesday a report was received from the State Comptroller, stating the expenditure for printing the Senate and Assembly documents, bills and journals last year, to have been \$51,492. Several bills were passed by a third reading. The use of the Chamber was granted the State Medical Society for Wednesday evening. Notices of Bills.—By A. Woods, to abolish the City Inspector's office in New York. By Mr. Snedeker, to amend the Mariner's Fund Act. Bills introduced.—By Mr. Scott, in relation to summary proceedings to recover possession of lands. By Mr. B. Bailey, relating to the Bridges over Harlem River, By Mr. Benton, to increase the manufacture of salt.

On Wednesday, the following petitions were presented:—For a bridge at Albany, from various localities. For amendments in the emigrant laws. Against the employment of convict labor in the manufacture of hats. Several petitions for a reorganization of the Board of Emigration Commissioners. For a new county to be formed from parts of Ontario and Seneca. Several reports on bills were received, and the first annual report of the Commissioners of Emigration was received in a printed document. Bills passed:—To pay the claims of the Bank of Fishkill against the State. To restore the laws for the preservation of deer and other animals. Adjourned.

#### LITERARY.

OUR COUSIN VERONICA; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES OVER THE BLUE RIDGE. By MARY ELIZABETH WORMELEY. New York: Buncce and Brother.

Mrs. WORMELEY, already favorably known by her charming story of *Amabel*, has certainly justified her previous success by this truly admirable volume. We have gone over these pages with critical attention, and feel a pleasure in testifying to the genuine artist-like air that pervades them. The authoress has the inestimable advantage of composing her fictions from a wide and varied intercourse with society; her powers of observation are acute and intuitive, and her mind is of that happy common sense description, which leads her without effort to construct her plot and select her characters in a manner that the nicest judgment must approve. The scene of this piece is laid partly in England (Yorkshire), and partly in the Old Dominion. In the unfolding of the plot we are carried through a narrative of well-sustained interest; and the migratory habits of her characters afford her an opportunity for skillful delineations of scenery, which she undoubtedly avails herself of with artistic effect. She excels in dialogue, and her characters are commended to our taste as well by their intrinsic excellence as moral and intellectual beings, as by the skillful and natural manner in which they are placed upon the canvass. Whether under her uncle's roof in Castleton (in Yorkshire) where she spends her youth surrounded by the squirearchical society of a country town; or whether in the luxurious abandon of a Virginia life, where the minutiae of a southern residence are skillfully portrayed; the authoress seems equally at home. An un-fading air of *verisemblance* characterises her portraiture of life in both hemispheres. We recommend this volume to our readers for its intrinsic literary excellence, and pronounce it the best and most finished original work of fiction that has been submitted to our judgment for many a day.

NOTES OF A VOLUNTEER. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Edited by C. M. SMITH. Buffalo: A Burke.

We are afforded no information by the publisher of this volume as to the manner in which it is transferred from the knapsack of the writer to the American reader. Mr. C. M. Smith, whose name figures on the title page as editor, must have taken sad liberties with the original; for as far as we have read the name of the First Consul is not once mentioned. This we exclaim against as insufferably heterodox; for what revolutionary Frenchman ever spoke or wrote without a plentiful admixture of *Napoleon, la guerre, l'empire, la gloire*, and such-like phrases in every sentence? In every other respect the volume is entertaining and French. We have an unceasing succession of incident, chiefly of a personal nature, and his military progress through Republican France from Languedoc to La Vendée at the time of the worst revolutionary excesses is graphically told, and well represents the social distractions of the state. The writer partakes more of the character of Gil Blas than of a philosopher, and he is so constantly employed in telling his ever changing adventures that he has no time for reflection. An occasional remark, however, escapes him, which shows his observing powers, and the observation that "we are, in France, too much indoctrinated with the hierarchical principle, ever to become true republicans," seems to us to present the whole case in a nutshell. We approve the tone of this volume, and pronounce it well worth a perusal.

ALONE. By MARION HARLAND, of Richmond, Va. New York: J. C. Derby.

ACCORDING to the announcement on the title page, this volume has reached its nineteenth thousand, a pretty substantial proof of popular approval. We consider it fully deserving of the extensive sale it has reached, and commend it for its earnestness of tone, and the elegance and cultivation of the tastes of the fair authoress. She handles the abuses and vices of our social state ungloried; and her intellectual discharges are shot and well-aimed. Whom she hits will be justified in attributing the blow less to accident than to design, and her "war to the knife" disposition comes hard upon a goodly number of respectable fellow-mortals.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY. A NOVEL. By MISS AUSTIN. New York: Buncce & Br o

THIS is a reprint of one of Miss Austin's very excellent tales, fully evidencing her powers as a writer of domestic fiction. She holds a leading position as the expounder of home duties and feelings; and grace, fluency, and refinement render her compositions, at all times, both profitable and delightful. It is produced in elegant form, being the second of a series now in course of republication by this enterprising house, which will comprise the whole of her tales.

HOME. By Anna Leland. New York: J. C. Derby.

THE authoress of this volume remarks in her brief preface, "In these days of many books, multitudes of tales are told whose only foundation is in the fancy and imagination of their writers. How often after the perusal of these does the reader feel that romance is, after all, less strange than reality, and that from his own history, or his own knowledge, he might weave a tissue of facts which should be more interesting, and even more startling, than these airy structures. To the indulgence of such a feeling may be ascribed the origin of this unpretending volume."

We reproduce the writer's sentiment—thus mistily expressed—in full, because it appears to us to furnish the key to an error she has fallen into in the conception of this present work. Writing from one's own history is an idea which meets with very general acceptance, but it is a doctrine which must not be adhered to literally. For a faithful embodiment of character, we admit our own feelings and passions must be introduced; but for the construction of a plot, an author's experience cannot be too extended, or his reading too varied. The mere egotistical nursing of our own thoughts in the secluded nook of a country home will never raise us above the level of the columns of the village newspaper. Writing our own history can never be made profitable until our intercourse with the world has placed us in a position to interpret character by our own feelings. Egotism then becomes transfused in universal sentiment, and every variation of character created by the author is but a reproduction of himself in a different phasis. In the pursuance of her views, the authoress has only produced a vague, misty, inconclusive narrative, which fails to seize upon our interests, and has a subdued, unoffensive, soporific effect. The style of the work is discursive and gossiping; and the author's mind being concentrated upon no one thing, as an inevitable consequence, the attention of the reader is forfeited. Notwithstanding, it is an interesting domestic tale, full of quiet charm and incident, and likely to interest the disciples of the "unexceptionable" class of literature.

DREAMS AND REALITIES IN THE LIFE OF A PASTOR AND TEACHER. By the Author of "Rolling Ridge," "The Parish Side," &c. New York: J. C. Derby.

If this author has his readers and admirers we cordially commend him to them. Our literary taste may be at fault, and a condemnation of this volume a possible injustice. Had the author thrown his ideas into the shape of a treatise on education, he better still, a report on School Commissions, he might possibly have been readable. But to pour upon the unfortunate reader, without preface or preparation, such an indigestible *mélange* of Greek and Latin texts, vulgar fractions, puerilities, quaintness, universal history, and insoluble stupidity, is enough to deprive any one of his breath. The author is dreadfully enigmatical, and we transcribe the following dedication as a problem for solution.

"This volume is dedicated to ONE MAN and he my friend; who, by word and deed, stood by me ever; with his fortune relieving to the last; never, even in the darkest hour deserting; nor, with a cloud upon his brow, oppressing me; whose forethought was always clear, whose counsel safe; I name him not, 'twere needless, and it might offend. Yet, reader, even here is the name well spelled full thrice before thine eye, and still by thee unseen! So take the bandage off, and romance ends in truth."

This style of stilted quaintness is not to our taste.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, for February,

is before us. We remark a manifest improvement in this serial, during the present year, and hold this number in advance of all preceding, both for editorial care and the general excellence of its contents. Published by Lloyd and Campbell, 252 Broadway.

AN AMAZON.—Among the slain in the engagement of Mohound-pore (Oude) was found the body of a woman, dressed in a garment dyed black; she was armed like the rest of her tribe, with a pair of pistols and a sword, and must have been killed by a grape shot. It is said she was a very religious woman, and was much venerated in consequence of having made a pilgrimage to Mecca.



LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF SESSIONS.—Feb. 4.—Before Judge CAPRON.

The case of James Nelson, alias Bully Nelson, was called on Monday for trial. The indictment charged the defendant with assaulting with intent to kill, with a large meat-knife, Policeman Aufses, of the Eighth Ward, Nelson being under arrest at the time for disorderly conduct. Three witnesses for the State, Officers John C. Andre, Marcus Aufses, and Joseph Thibaut were examined. No evidence for the defence was offered. Nelson's counsel, Henry L. Clinton, urged in extenuation of the offense that defendant was drunk. The case was argued for the prosecution by A. Oakley Hall, after which the Judge charged the jury. Guilty of an assault with a dangerous weapon with intent to do bodily harm. Not guilty of an intent to kill. Sentence deferred.

FIRST DISTRICT COURT.—Before Hon. Judge GREEN.

SUIT FOR THEATRICAL SERVICES.

Feb. 5.—George Jordan against William E. Burton.—This was an action to recover judgment for the sum of fifty-seven dollars, for six days' services of plaintiff and wife, alleged to have been rendered to defendant as actors in Burton's theatre. The defendant in his answer denied owing the sum demanded. On the trial it appeared that the plaintiff had effected an engagement with the defendant for the current season, for himself and wife, at the weekly salary of \$37, as members of defendant's stock company; that a season consisted of either forty or forty-two weeks—usually commencing in September and ending in the following June. This season commenced on Monday, the 3rd day of September last, and the plaintiff had been paid his regular weekly salary from that time down to the Saturday preceding the Wednesday that he left the defendant's employment, thus leaving three days unpaid for—it being the custom of the defendant to retain three days' salary until the end of the season, as security for the performance of the engagement. One witness testified that plaintiff admitted to him that he was engaged for the season. It also appeared that the plaintiff wrote to the defendant to the effect that he should not perform for him after Wednesday evening, the 19th of December last, without assigning any reason therefore, and that that was the last night he would perform at defendant's theatre. He and his wife have been playing since that period at Laura Keane's Varieties. Mr. Cram, for the defendant, stated that Mr. Burton would not have defended this action for such a trifling sum, had it not been for the manner in which Mr. Jordan had broken his engagement, and that without any apparent cause. That he had been paid his salary regularly, and that there was nothing due him in this case, as he had not served out his week, and that he had broken his contract with Mr. Burton.

The Judge sustained the objection of the defendant's counsel, and gave judgment for him, with costs, and in deciding, said that he was clearly of opinion, from the facts testified to by the witnesses, that the plaintiff had agreed with defendant that he and his wife would perform for the current season at \$37 a week, payable weekly, and that the season consisted of at least forty weeks. His leaving before the end of the season is such a breach of his agreement as to entitle the defendant in an action to recover such damages as he has sustained thereby; besides the plaintiff and his wife performed but three days of the week the salary for which he seeks to recover—they must perform the whole week in order to entitle the plaintiff to recover.

COMMON PLEAS.—Feb. 6.—Before Judge INGRAHAM.

Caroline Gaines, by her guardian, vs. the Third Avenue Railroad Company.—This was a suit against the company for negligence, in running over the plaintiff's left leg, and inflicting on her a lameness for life. The accident occurred in Chatham street on the 25th of January, 1884. The case was tried last year, and the jury disagreed. The Court left the question of negligence for the jury. After a short absence the jury found for the plaintiff \$500, to which the Court made an addition of 5 per cent.

Before Judge DALY and a JURY.

Nathaniel P. Hasack and Others vs. the Commissioners of Emigration.—This was an action commenced some months back, by the inhabitants of the Fifth Ward, to restrain the Commissioners of Emigration from establishing an office for newly arrived immigrants on Franklin street. A temporary injunction was granted, and certain issues framed for the decision of a jury. The main point in the issue was as to whether the establishing an office in Franklin street would be detrimental to the health of the inhabitants of the Fifth Ward. The jury found in the affirmative, and gave judgment for the plaintiffs.

POLICE.

ARREST OF AN ALLEGED RIVER THIEF.—John Williams was taken into custody on Tuesday by Officer O'Connor, of the Fourth Ward Police, on charge of having burglariously entered the mate's room on board the ship Albert Gallatin, now lying at the foot of Burling Slip, by forcing off the padlock and stealing therefrom a necktie, pair of suspenders, and two pocket-books, containing four English shillings, the property of Frederick Argar. The accused, it appears, was caught in the act of rifling the state room of its contents by the steward of the vessel, John Mosley, who caught him and held him till the officer arrived. The accused on being taken before Judge Connolly, at the Lower Police Court, said he was not guilty of the charge imputed to him, but was nevertheless committed for trial on charge of burglary.

DESCENT UPON AN ALLEGED GAMBLING HOUSE.—On Tuesday afternoon, Sergeant Walsh, of the Court of General Sessions, with a squad of men under his command, made a descent upon the premises of Horton and Wheeler, situated in the fourth story of the building No. 82 Broadway, said to be a gambling house, and arrested one of the proprietors on a warrant issued by Judge Capron. There were a number of persons in the room when the officers entered, and as soon as the "stars" became visible a general stampede took place. The police having warrants for the arrest of the proprietors of the place only, did not interrupt the fugitives in their flight. On searching the room, a faro dealer, counting box, cribbage board, lay out cloth, and several packs of cards were found. The prisoner was brought to the Court of Sessions, where Judge Capron held him to answer the charge of keeping a gambling house contrary to law. The gambling apparatus seized by the police was taken to the office of the District Attorney.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE HARLEM RAILROAD.—Mr. James D. Thorp, a conductor employed by the Harlem Railroad, was instantly crushed to death on Tuesday morning by being run over by the Dover Plains train as it was approaching the city. The deceased was conductor of the train, and immediately after it had passed over Harlem Bridge, the flange of one of the wheels broke and caused the two rear cars to separate from the others. The deceased was, at the time, on the platform of the third car, and in trying to stop the train by pulling the bell-rope, lost his balance and fell between the cars, and the wheel went over his breast, killing him instantly. Coroner Hill held an inquest upon the body at the 26th street station, and a verdict of "accidental death" was rendered by the jury. Deceased was a native of Connecticut, aged 25 years. He has been in the employ of the road about four months, and was formerly from the Illinois Central road. He leaves a young wife at Dover Plains.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A gentleman named Knox, residing at 44 North Moore street, in attempting to jump upon one of the cars of the Hudson River Railroad, while moving through Hudson street, fell before the wheel, which passed over and terribly crushed one of his legs. He was taken up by an officer, and conveyed to the New York Hospital for medical treatment.

DEATH OF COUNCILMAN DICKSON.—Robert S. Dickson, foreman of Hook and Ladder No. 14, and Councilman of one of the districts of the 16th ward, who was severely injured on Christmas morning by an accidental collision between the above Hook and Ladder Carriage and Engine No. 29, at the corner of 8th avenue and 15th street, died on Tuesday at the New York Hospital, from the injuries he received. Coroner Perry held an inquest upon the body, and the occurrence was shown to have been unavoidable and purely accidental. A verdict to that effect was rendered by the jury. Deceased was a native of New York, 24 years of age.

WILSON, the colored cook of the Eudora Imogene, who has been in the White Plains prison, charged with murdering the captain and mate of the schooner, in November last, was removed to the city Tombs one day last week. It is the intention to place Wilson on trial for scuttling the vessel, as he cannot be tried for murder with any hope of conviction.

PROVINCIAL NEWS.

SAD BEREAVEMENT.—The following melancholy case of accumulated disasters we learn from the Springfield Republican:—Z. M. Smith, of the late Auburn, N. Y., Female Seminary, passed through Springfield on Tuesday, on his way to Provincetown, to bury his three little children, who have died within the past week of croup. Mr. Smith's Seminary was entirely destroyed by fire a few days since, at a loss of some \$50,000, on which there was but a trifling insurance. This loss, though not exclusively his, fell heavily upon him, robbing him of his entire property. Within a few days, two of his children sickened and died, and the bereaved parents starting with their only remaining child for the home of their friends, that their darling might be buried near the old homestead, arrived at Albany only to have the third and last sickened there and die. The three little coffins arrived here on Monday evening, and left on the following day. Smith is a young man, and his children were between the ages of six and twelve years. A purse was made up at Albany, for his assistance, and he met there kind and sympathizing friends.

DREADFUL TRAGEDY.—We learn from a friend, says the Eastern Express, the particulars of a fiendish outrage that occurred in White Haven, Luzerne County, Pa., a few days since. It appears that a number of men, mostly Germans and Irish, who were employed on

some public improvement at that place, coming to the conclusion that they were not receiving a sufficient compensation for their services, resolved to strike for higher wages, which they did, only one, an old German refusing to do so. This refusal of the old man so enraged a number of the Irish, that they gathered around and put the question to him, whether he intended to work on at the wages he had been receiving or would strike with them. He told them that he would continue for the old wages; whereupon one of them took an axe and cut with all his force three or four times into the old man's head, killing him almost instantly. Three or four of the men have been arrested and lodged in jail.

MORE MINERAL TREASURES IN VA.—It is reported on reliable authority that pure anthracite coal, in large quantity, has recently been found on the waters of Patterson Creek, near its mouth, in the county of Botetourt. The discovery is of great importance, as the forges and foundries in that region have heretofore, to some extent, been operated with stone coal, carried up from Richmond, a distance of two hundred miles.

A DEEP FURROW.—Judge Coulter, of Virginia, when first appointed to the bench, had jurisdiction over one of the mountain counties. The district was made up of many wild and unruly fellows. One of the Judge's first acts was to impose a heavy fine, by way of an example, upon a rough and hardy backwoodsman for disorderly conduct. As the man was leaving the court-room in charge of an officer, he addressed the Judge—"Your name is Coulter, is it not?" "Yes." "Well, all I have to say is, that you are setting your coulters rather too deep for a man who is plowing new ground." It is recorded that the fellow's wit saved the fine.

MINNESOTA.—Governor Gorman, in his late Message to the Minnesota Legislature, estimates the population of the Territory at 75,000. He announces that the President has given him notice that the three tribes of Indians now residing in the Territory cannot be disturbed and sent further West. All the tribes are peaceable and friendly. Nearly every village in the Territory has a school for the education of small children, and the colleges and seminaries of learning in St. Paul are in a flourishing condition. The Territorial University, located at St. Anthony, has not progressed since last year for want of funds. Twenty thousand acres of land, partly agricultural and partly pine, have been already chosen for school purposes. The Governor suggests the necessity of a government road from Lake Superior to the Mississippi, above St. Anthony, and of a military road to reach Fort Ridgeley, the Sioux agency, and the new fort at Pembina, from some point below Lake Pepin.

DESPERATE ATTEMPTS AT SUICIDE IN PHILADELPHIA.—A man named Michael Donegan, on the 31st ult., deliberately threw himself in front of the locomotive attached to a train of cars passing along the road at its intersection with Broad street. The engine struck the man and knocked him down upon the track. The entire train passed over him without inflicting any injury other than a slight bruise. Donegan avowed that it was his intention to have committed suicide. There is no accounting for tastes. On the same day a German named John Christian Hanley, a tobaccoist, residing in Laurel-street near Second, attempted to destroy himself by discharging a pistol at his head. The ball inflicted a severe external wound. The sufferer, who was insane at the time, was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital.

ADVENTURE WITH A WOLF.—The Kansas correspondent of *The St. Louis Republican* tells the following story: A few days since, while riding in the rear of our town, in a small ravine, through which a streamlet takes its quiet way beneath its crystal covering, and whose irrigation has produced tall grasses and shrubs that make a hiding-place for game, I came suddenly upon a large black wolf. He was scratching at a thin place in the ice, and seemed almost famished for water. When he saw me he started in full run for the forest in the river bottom. I kept upon his heels, and tried to ride upon him. He was almost exhausted, and just as I supposed he would give out, he slipped into the hollow of a large cotton-wood tree. I stopped the hole through which he entered, and came back to town and got an ax and the dogs, and the assistance of Frank Mahan and Wm. Palmer, and together we returned to cut him out. The dogs were anxious, and we were prepared with our guns to receive him. When we made a large hole, about four feet from the ground, the dogs jumped at it on the outside, and the wolf on the inside, and such barking growling, snapping and howling I never heard before. It made the woods resound for a great distance, and brought several of the neighbors to the spot. Things continued so for a while, and we consulted what had best be done. We could not shoot the wolf through this opening without too great a risk of killing the dogs, for he only appeared at the inside when the dogs were at the outside. We finally concluded to stop the hole that we had made, and fell the tree by cutting a narrow gash around it. The tree came down a little sooner than we expected. Frank Mahan had the ax lifted for another stroke, as it went over with a crash. The wolf, with bristled back, and glaring eyes, and glittering teeth, leaped at his throat with terrible ferocity. The descending ax met half way, cleaving its skull and laying it dead at his feet. We had no time to express our wonder and congratulations at his narrow escape, before our attention was called to that which filled us with amazement if not dread. It was a human skeleton, of medium size, and of a female, hidden in the cavity of the tree. Its posture was erect, and the bones were held together by a kind of clear integument, that seemed to cover, like a transparent skin, the entire frame. The jar of the felled tree severed several of the joints, and we drew them all out and placed them again in form. The proportions were perfect and the limbs straight—indicating a contour, when in flesh, of perfect symmetry. Who could it have been that thus perished years ago in this wild forest, and how came her death in this strange place, were queries that were immediately suggested. Could it have been some maiden, who, like the bride in the "Mistletoe Bough," had concealed herself from her lover in the heart of this old tree, and become fastened there and died?

OBITUARY.

Rev. Payson Williston, D.D., died at his residence, in Easthampton, Mass., of typhoid pneumonia, on the 30th ult., in the ninety-third year of his age. His illness continued one week. Mr. Williston was the oldest graduate of Yale College. In early life he became the pastor of the Congregational church, in which capacity he officiated with eminent success in ministering faithfully to the spiritual wants of his flock, and maintaining among them an exemplary spirit of harmony, for a period, we believe, considerably exceeding half a century. He was extensively known and highly esteemed, and beloved, not only in his own parish, but throughout the neighboring towns, for his assiduous discharge of his parochial duties, his general intelligence, and his benevolent and social feelings. He was the father of the enterprising and liberal founder and patron of the Williston Seminary in Easthampton.

A private telegraphic despatch brings us intelligence of the death of Mr. J. M. Field, at Mobile, on the 28th ult., whose demise, although not unexpected, will cause sincere regret among his large circle of friends. During his late season at the Howard Athenaeum, he was on several evenings too indisposed to act, but a desire to all his part induced him to go on, though suffering severely. Mr. Field was widely known as actor and author, and prior to his death at the Park Theatre, New York, was engaged as a writer on the *Evening Post* of that city. In St. Louis he edited the *Reveille*. At the Tremont Theatre he was a popular favorite, and his late years have been passed in management in Mobile and St. Louis. Over the signature of "Straws," he has written many excellent things. He was the author of "Family Ties," which Dean Marble purchased, and his translation of "Grielda" for Mrs. Farren is a scholarly effort. Mr. Field married Miss Eliza Riddle, sister of Mrs. W. H. Smith, and he leaves a widow and one daughter, a young lady of sixteen, at school in Boston. The *Home Journal* is now publishing "The story of a Star," a poetical sketch by Mr. Field, which is in his happiest vein. In many parts he had no superior, and as *Hawkeye*, he has left an impression on the minds of his admirers which never can be effaced.

We regret to announce the death of Major James Henry, which event occurred on the 4th inst., at his residence, in Court street, Boston. Major Henry performed duty at the time of the war in 1812, and ever since that period has been an active member of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. He was one of the most active in procuring the organization of that excellent corps of cavalry, the National Lancers, and was ever prompt and prompt at each parade made by them, up to their last fall encampment, at Quincy, which was the last occasion of his appearance in uniform. For the past sixteen years he was armorer for the Lancers, and took great pride in keeping their multitude of equipments and camp trappings in the most perfect order. His numerous acts of courtesy and attention have for years endeared him to the heart of each member of the corps, by whom, as well as a large circle of acquaintances, he was highly esteemed in life, and is now deeply lamented in death. Major Henry, for many successive years, and until the passage of the "iron ordinance," was also an active and efficient member of the Boston Fire Department.

The English journals announce the demise of Mr. Goulburn, M.P. for the University of Cambridge, in the 72d year of his age. He has during his life held many public offices of importance. From 1812 to 1821 he was Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, was subsequently Chief Secretary for Ireland, and made a Privy Councillor; in 1828 he was appointed by the Duke of Wellington Chancellor of the Exchequer, and thus became a member of the Cabinet. He sat for the University of Cambridge from 1831 up till his death; and under Sir Robert Peel held in succession the offices of Secretary of State for the Home Department, and again that of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

James Pugh, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in his one hundred and eighth year, expired in this city on Friday, the 25th of January. Pugh was the slave of Col. Warren Washington, of Virginia, nephew of General George Washington. He came to this city about twenty-five years ago, after having been set free, in company with J. M. Platt, Esq. During our struggle in the Revolutionary War, Pugh acted as servant to officers in several of the most important engagements, and often recurred to the sights he had seen, and part of which he was. He died in poverty, and was permitted to be buried at the expense of the county.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

A. Shade, Esq., has built and presented to the Episcopal church in Galt, Canada, a school house which cost \$20,000. This is "a shade that follows wealth or fame" to some good purpose.

During the past year, 72 persons each over 70 years of age, died in Providence, R. I.

John Downes, Jr., of the town of Florence, N. Y., with the aid of several of his laborers, after a severe struggle, succeeded in killing a huge wolf, measuring in length seven feet. The animal had been the terror of the inhabitants for some months past.

Recently upwards of one hundred immigrants, who landed in this country a few weeks ago, arrived in Baltimore from New York, on their way to the West. There were a large number of children among them, and, as the party passed through the city, attracted much attention.

Edward Johnson, employed in a rolling mill at Niles, Michigan, recently emptied an iron box full of melted cinders out on some water. This caused an explosion, the melted cinders flying all over him, covering him with fire. His hair was almost entirely burnt off his head. After lingering a few days in excruciating pain, death came to his relief.

The Senate of the State of Georgia has adopted a bill which provides for the election of Judges by the people.

Two Irish families, named McCabe and Harlow, living in one tenement at South Berwick, Me., one evening last week got into a quarrel, during which Mr. Harlow cut Mr. McCabe's throat with a butcher knife. McCabe lingered for a day or two and died. Harlow has fled to parts unknown.

A bill has been introduced restoring the law of imprisonment for debt in Minnesota.

The office of Samuel S. Lewis, agent for the Cunard Steamers, in Boston, was broken open on Tuesday night, and thoroughly ransacked. But little of value was taken away. An unsuccessful attempt was made to open the safe.

Mr. Wm. Gay, section-master of the Wilmington and Weldon (N. C.) Railroad was run over by a locomotive and killed on Friday last.

The frost has been severe upon railway machinery throughout the country generally. There has been freezing and bursting of pumps, and breaking of wheel tires, which produce inconvenience and loss to the several companies.

The new fog bell, on Baker's Island, in Salem harbor, weighs fifteen hundred pounds. It is of the kind known as "Jones's fog bell," is elevated to a height of thirty feet upon a frame work of wood and iron, and is struck upon the outer rim by heavy hammers, moved by ingenious and elegant machinery, giving seven blows in a moment.

The Chicago Press estimates the grain crop of Illinois for 1855 as follows:—180,000,000 bushels of Indian corn, 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 5,000,000 bushels of oats, barley and rye.

A little boy in Bangor, Me., was accidentally fastened in a school house, where he remained all night. His arms were badly frozen.

A company has been organized in New Orleans to build a ship canal from the Mississippi river at that city to Lake Borgne, by which vessels from the Gulf of Mexico may be enabled to reach the harbor without having to be piloted and towed all the way from the delta. It is confidently expected that the whole sum required to construct the work can be speedily raised.

J. W. Gilman, Jonesborough, Me., while at work in a saw-mill, in attempting to kick a dog from the end of a log, accidentally brought his foot in contact with the descending saw, which severed the foot from the leg in a twinkling.

While sleighs, sleds, and ships are named Hiawatha, the *Homes Journal*, reports that "several children have recently received at the baptismal font the name of Hiawatha."

Major Bayly, brother of the Hon. Thomas H. Bayly, of Virginia, has purchased a farm at Rapides, Louisiana, for \$105,000.

Four prisoners confined in Montgomery (Ala.) Jail, recently effected their escape by removing the covering of the locks and then picking them. One of them was under arrest for murder.

A man named Edward Miller, was arrested in Boston, last week, for stealing a set of teeth which were on exhibition at the Gore Block. It appears that the thief had no occasion for them himself, as he happened to offer them for sale to the person at whose establishment they were manufactured.

The sale of swamps and overflowed land in Louisiana, during the year 1855, produced \$200,946; the other sales of land amounted to \$68,240 60.

Governor Wise has appointed John Randolph Tucker, Esq., of in Blair county, Penn.

Winchester, the Commissioner of Virginia, to attend the trial of Mr. Parsons, Ann Hickey was burned to death in Baltimore, last week, her clothes having been accidentally set on fire by the upsetting of a candle.

About ninety-five miles of the one hundred and six, in Tennessee, of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, are now graded at a cost of \$550,000.

John Anderson, one of the defenders of Baltimore during the war with England, died recently in that city in the 64th year of his age.

An act giving the United States jurisdiction over certain lands in New Orleans, for a Marine Hospital, has passed both Houses of the Louisiana Legislature.

One hundred of the students at Dickinson College, Pa., have rebelled against the Faculty, in consequence of the alleged unjust expulsion of four members. The difficulty was subsequently adjusted.

A young man, named Elisha Bogle, was found dead on the ice alongside the sloop Dasty Miller, at Keyport dock, on Monday last. The sloop had been robbed on Friday night, and the captain, William Crane, had set a loaded gun in such a position that the opening of the cabin-side would discharge the contents into the legs of the person opening it. Bogle had apparently stooped, when pushing back the slide, as the entire charge of buckshot entered his heart killing him instantly.

The city of Utica, (N. Y.,) appears to be again infested with incendiaries. Two grocery stores and two barns, owned by B. Churchill and George C. Potter, in George-street, were consumed at an early hour on Sunday morning. Loss \$7,000. Insured for \$4,000.

A corpulent bachelor friend of ours, says the *Mil. Sentinel*, had both his ears frozen, last night, while in bed—snoring away in his selfish loneliness. If such a warning does not terrify him into matrimonial speculations, we hope he may never thaw out when he freezes again.

Fanny Ellsler, says a correspondent of the *Boston Post*, is married to a wealthy butcher somewhere in Germany. Her sister Theresa for a long time has been a kind of wife to a royal prince—but, Fanny, flying lower, is the superior half of a killer of oxen, and has a thriving family of young butchers and butcheresses.

A wag of an exchange says, "New York city has spent twenty thousand dollars in finding out that Matsell, its Chief of Police, was probably born in England, and what is to be done about it now, save to pay the bills, does not appear."

A barn belonging to Nathan Haskell was burnt in Auburn, Me., by an incendiary, with seven cattle, two horses, and twenty-five sheep.

Gen. Pomeroy of Kansas is lecturing in Maine and obtaining funds to help the free state men of Kansas territory.

The ratio of increase of insanity in New York State has exceeded the augmentation of population 60 per cent. for 25 years.

A person named John McGee, was killed on the 31st ult. in Charlestown (Mass.), in consequence of the staging of a building on which he was at work giving way and precipitating him to the ground, a distance of thirty feet.

In Philadelphia, on Friday last, Isabella Field was put on trial, charged with killing Thomas Field, her husband, by striking him on the head with a billet of wood, on the night of the 29th of August last. The evidence was altogether circumstantial, and the jury acquitted the prisoner.

We learn from a correspondent of the *last Galveston News*, that the entire Legislature of Texas got on a "royal bender" a few weeks ago. After adjourning to the street, the members managed to knock up a few fights among themselves. The speaker and other officials were along, and business was transacted in the regular manner, motions "to drink," like those "to adjourn," being always in order. It was a part of the duty of the "Deer-keeper" to rule outsiders from the "fights."

On last Thursday afternoon, at Auburn, N. J., John Fitzgerald was arraigned before the Oyer and Terminer for the murder, in September last, in the town of Sterling, of his father, mother and brother. He butchered them deliberately with an axe, and intended to kill another of the family.

The trial of Robert Quail, at Newark, N. J., for the murder of Thomas Clements, has resulted in a verdict of manslaughter, which subjects the prisoner to imprisonment in the State prison for a term not exceeding ten years, or \$1,000 fine, or both, at the discretion of the court.

A correspondent of the *Boston Anglo-Saxon* says that \$525 were collected at a levee in Lawrence, Mass., on the 17th ult., to be sent to the British Patriotic Fund, for the benefit of the wives and children of soldiers serving with the British army in the Crimea.

It is represented that the Long Island Railroad has suffered to the extent of \$10,000 damage to engines and other machinery and expenses incurred in clearing the snow since the great snow storm.

The building known as Patten's Building, adjoining the City Hall, in Manchester, N. H., was destroyed by fire. Several newspaper offices were in the building; also the Manchester Bank, the City Library, Sheriff's office, and several stores and law offices. The City Hall was saved by the meritorious efforts of the firemen. The loss is about \$75,000.





PENITENT COLLECTING ALMS FOR THE RELIEF OF SOULS FROM PURGATORY.

## INDIAN FESTIVALS DURING THE HOLY WEEK AND EASTER, AT QUITO (REPUBLIC OF ECUADOR).

PAGANISM, at the present day, forms the basis of the religious worship of the Indians of South America. Fear, and not persuasion, has transformed them into Romanists. The precepts of the Gospel are too little practised towards them to justify us in reproaching them for not understanding them. That portion of Romanism which they have adopted with enthusiasm, is her external pomp. The clergy of the country affect no disguise in that respect; therefore they seek to strike the eyes of these poor wretches, and they seize with eagerness upon all solemn occasions to display a magnificence which seems marvellously to maintain their influence over the simple descendants of the Incas.

The Holy Week at Quito is an example of this. With their mourning processions, their public flagellations, the deathlike silence which reigns in the streets, this week has a truly imposing effect. It is not alone the Indians, but the whole population who are called upon to assemble; and the most extravagant scenes are permitted along with their religious exercises, with a view to gratify the pagan instincts of the Indian masses.

In our representation we see penitents armed with scourges and cat-o'-nine-tails, their shoulders bare, crowding the public places, and flagellating themselves with an incredible ardor, until portions of the flesh are detached. In the evening these fanatics meet at the churches, where, extinguishing the lights, they lash themselves with redoubled energy in total darkness. It is said that whites will occasionally be present at these performances.

On Wednesday at 5 o'clock P. M. the procession called *Sangre* (Bloody) takes place. The images of our Lord, the Apostles, Pontius Pilate, and other characters who figured in the Passion, are borne through the streets with measured steps, and preceded with music, playing the most solemn airs. On one occasion, at the moment when the procession was passing through the street *del Correo*, there fell such a drenching shower, that the bearers were reduced to seek shelter for their images. All hastened to receive them with devotion. That of Judas alone was refused, and the unfortunate Indians who bore him were beaten. The effigy of the traitor apostle, although of exceeding costliness, was rolled in the stream, now become a torrent, and from thence descended into the narrow river Manchagara, which would transport it into the Amazon river. This image of Judas invariably represents a gallows-faced man, with a long red beard, two playing dice in his left hand, and a long cook's knife in his right.

During the Holy Week another class of penitents, called *cucuruchus*, dressed in preposterous costume, are also seen in the streets.



LEADER OF THE QUADRILLES DANCED AT THE END OF THE PROCESSION.



THE HOLY WEEK AT QUITO—BURGOMASTER ACCOMPANIED BY TWO CUCURUCHUS HOLDING THE CORDS OF THE STANDARD.

The dress of the *cucuruchus* consists of a long robe and an elevated pyramidal tower, frequently reaching as high as the second storey. This tower, or steeple, is artistically formed of balsam wood (species of cork) and pasteboard or bamboo, together with stuffs and ribbons, forming a covering for the head, and resting upon the shoulders. This extravagant disguise is probably derived from some Indian observance now forgotten. If we interrogate the oldest Indians on the subject, they reply that they habit themselves *en cucuruchus* to scare away the evil spirits and wash away their own sins. Some whites assume the costume, omitting the head dress, and humbly proceed barefooted, although retaining some remains of self-respect since they conceal their visage behind a mask, and go to pray for the deliverance of their souls from purgatory.

The monks are not the worst in extracting profit from the Indians by means of the fears of purgatory imposed upon their minds. Every morning during the holy days they are to be seen installed in the churches and the burial grounds, reciting their (*resposos*) expiatory prayers to procure offerings. The price of each *resposos* is a *real*. Often, as in the markets, competition lowers the price; some monks, less popular than the others, traffic their ware for a loaf, an egg, fruits, &c., which they ultimately sell again. Others run the streets barefoot, displaying a crucifix in one hand, and a clock in the other, which latter they strike, producing a loud sound, while they cry with a lamentable voice *Angelos semos, en la tierra venimos pan pedimos!* (we are angels come upon the earth, we require wherewith to eat.) The attendant charged to receive the gifts, accompanies the mendicant brother with a large pocket of copper hung before him. The surplus of the collections is sold in the market towards the cost of the ceremonies.

A monk well known in Quito by his adventures found no better way for procuring money than putting his masses in a lottery. A rich *cabellero* who had won a number told the monk that for the succeeding week he would attend mass at seven in the morning, in one of the chapels of the cathedral. But the reverend father was never found ready. At one time his excuse was that one of his friends had constrained him to partake some cakes with him very early in the morning; again, that he was, a fact no one doubted, in a state of mortal sin; until, finally, it was only by blows with his cane that the *cabellero* could prevail upon him to pay his debt.

The bishops have been, unto the present day, unable to control the numerous abuses which have crept into the convents.

At the time General Flores exercised the power of President, he thought to enlist the younger monks of Ecuador in his army, and declare their possessions national. He not only failed, but he was driven from the country, and chiefly by the influence of the convents.

It is absolutely necessary to sojourn in a South American State to form any adequate idea of the excesses committed by the monks. Here is one example amongst a thousand. The law has regulated the fees of the clergy at four piastres for the funeral service of an Indian. This charge is always doubled and tripled. In this manner:—The monk says to the widow, the father, or the son of the deceased, "If you pay me but four piastres I will bury your relative *bodo abayo* (the mouth downwards, on the belly), and then in spite of me, he will burn in hell flames. If you give me six piastres, I will consent to bury him on the left side, and he will go for two thousand



BEADLE DISGUISED AS SATAN.

years to purgatory; for eight piastres, I will bury him on his right side, and he will have but a short time to suffer before he reaches heaven. But, if you are a true friend of the deceased, and will give me twelve piastres, I will place him decently on his back in the tomb, in order that he may go direct to Paradise."

It is with a corresponding plainness of language that the monks harangue the friends of the defunct Indians; and rarely do these unfortunate beings hesitate to submit to the greatest sacrifices to deliver their friends from hell or purgatory; some, after parting with their liberty, have been known to sell their children. However, they do not become slaves, properly speaking; but, having sold themselves, they are held in bondage to the purchaser until the age of eighteen, who, in consequence, has the right to their labor without any return until they attain that age.

If an Indian dies without the means to pay for his interment, how does the priest act in these countries? Far from imitating the example of Protestant Christendom, they seize the children in spite of the supplications of the mother, and dispose of their liberty until their eighteenth or twentieth year. Every inhabitant for five or six dollars can procure a young servant for that length of time.

A curious scene is repeated each day of the Holy Week, which is the procession of the canons of the cathedral, who lugubriously sweep, with their long mourning robes, the space of half a league from the church to Calvary.

In the meantime, the vergers of the metropolitan church often find means to paganize this solemn pilgrimage. With a view to obtain alms they impersonate the character of Satan, and provided with a scourge with iron points, they administer a discipline of sound blows upon the shoulders of the Indians who are delighted with the infliction.

On Holy Saturday, custom requires all the inhabitants of Quito to proceed to Tejar, where the principal burial place of the city is situated. All along the road which leads to this place of repose are to be seen, at intervals, fanatics attached to pillories, their arms tied to a cross with stout leathern thongs. These are designated in Inca language *Chara-Tasca* (good thief), and they seek by prolonged sufferings to redeem their sins and especially those of their wives.

In Latacunga, these wretches strip themselves completely naked, having but a girdle of alse leaves, the points of which draw blood; their arms are attached to a large cross of Balsam wood, which, although of no great weight, in the end becomes excessively painful and fatiguing. In this simple costume they accompany the processions.

All the religious festivals—that of Easter more especially—are very burdensome to the Indian caste. These poor Helots contend with each other in performing the most; and it is common enough to see an Indian purchase, at the price of his inevitable future ruin, the moment of happiness and glory procured by his ephemeral title of *Prioste* (president of the fête). He advances in the grand costume of *alcalde*, accompanied by two young girls dressed in white



MONK AND ATTENDANT BEGGING FOR THE EXPENSES OF THE PROCESSION.





SENIOR BURGOMASTER BETWEEN TWO ANGELS.

CANON OF QUITO.

BARBERS BURNING INCENSE BEFORE THE EFFIGIES OF THE SAINTS.

holding the cords of the standard. The senior alcalde walks, accompanied by two children dressed as angels, with gauze and wings.

The corporation of barbers, almost all Indians, eclipses all others at the Easter celebration. The members are dressed in a kind of plaited cope, and wear collars ridiculously high and starched in such a manner that they resemble the pillory collars of Charles the First's time.

These barbers represent the aristocracy of the caste; from them are drawn the indigenuous alcaldes, who are so proud of their position that they would not exchange their silver-headed cane for a bishop's cross. Amongst them are the *sangradores* (bleeders.) A surgeon in Ecuador never practices bleeding, he confides that duty to an Indian phlebotomist, and the barbarous wretch, armed with a notched instrument, inflicts extreme suffering upon his patient victim.

Easter arrived, penitents of all kinds esteem themselves regenerated, and think of nothing but to make up for lost time. They have finished their lacerations and their mystical ceremonies, and the clocks give the signal of joy. The processions assume an aspect very different from the one they bore the day preceding. The houses of the affluent are hung with silks; while the poorer orders spread out shawls, or fasten curtains to the walls, and triumphal arches are erected in all parts. The President of the Republic, and all the heads of the government are present at the imposing ceremony. Monks of all orders, young girls, and all the religious associations follow with wax tapers. The tribes from adjacent parts collect to witness the fête, and fill the streets. The *coup d'œil* is very striking from the variety of colors, of costumes and of races from the savage nearly naked and tattooed, up to the Parisian lion. The balconies are filled with all the aristocracy of the country, and the ladies cast flowers upon the images of the saints.

All the effigies of the best are borne in this procession. The privileged, such as St. Bennett and the Apostles, find plenty anxious to bear them, but the less popular saints would run great risk of being neglected if, as is always the case, the Indians were not placed in contribution. The shrines are heavy, it requires many shoulders to support them, and the clergy, aided by the commissioners, procure the required number, by a ruse. Soldiers seize the hats of all capable Indians found upon the passage, and throw them upon the shrines; the Indians run forward to regain their hats; they are secured, and *volens volens* are harnessed to the shaft until it is deemed proper to replace them. With this mode of recruiting, it frequently happens that after three or four hours of slow and painful marching, the saints are, as it were, buried beneath a mountain of hats.

In this last procession the devil does not fail to play an important

part, although he does not now apply the lash. On the contrary, he performs a variety of flying leaps, and other harlequinades around the saints and the young girls, accompanied with signs and gestures truly diabolical. At the moment of entering the church, he feigns a desire to enter within it likewise; but the chief priest returns and sprinkles him with holy water; whereupon the demon utters fearful

still more showily, for their backs are entirely covered with plaques figuratively designed, the hats and boots are decorated with gold coins, and they hold a handkerchief in one hand and a sword in the other. There is also a musical procession through all the streets when two immense giants represent the male and female of the Jewish negroes.

In the evening is resumed with increased effort, the ceremonial of pouring libations of *chicha* and *los bailes alegres* to the *Soma*. In this are performed, in all their splendor and energy of movement, the dances *Zambaineca* and *Costillar*, so characteristic, that the inhabitants even of Mabile or Asnieres cannot witness them without shame and some feeling of desire.

These descriptions of Indian festivals of Quito not only apply to all the South American States, but are characteristic of the mixed population of Mexico. While our troops were in possession of that country, the soldiers were continually surprised by strange exhibitions, professedly of religious character, but really little else than a modification of the pagan rites peculiar to the Indians under Montezuma.



VOLUNTARY PUNISHMENT, SELF-IMPOSED BY THE INDIANS DURING HOLY WEEK.

cries, and seeking refuge at home, changes his costume, and then returns like a holy man to resume his magisterial functions as beadle.

Indians habited in a very original manner, with a brilliant display of silks and glass-ware, dance the quadrilles of the country at the end of the procession; these dances are directed by chiefs dressed

Travancore, and attracted much notice at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

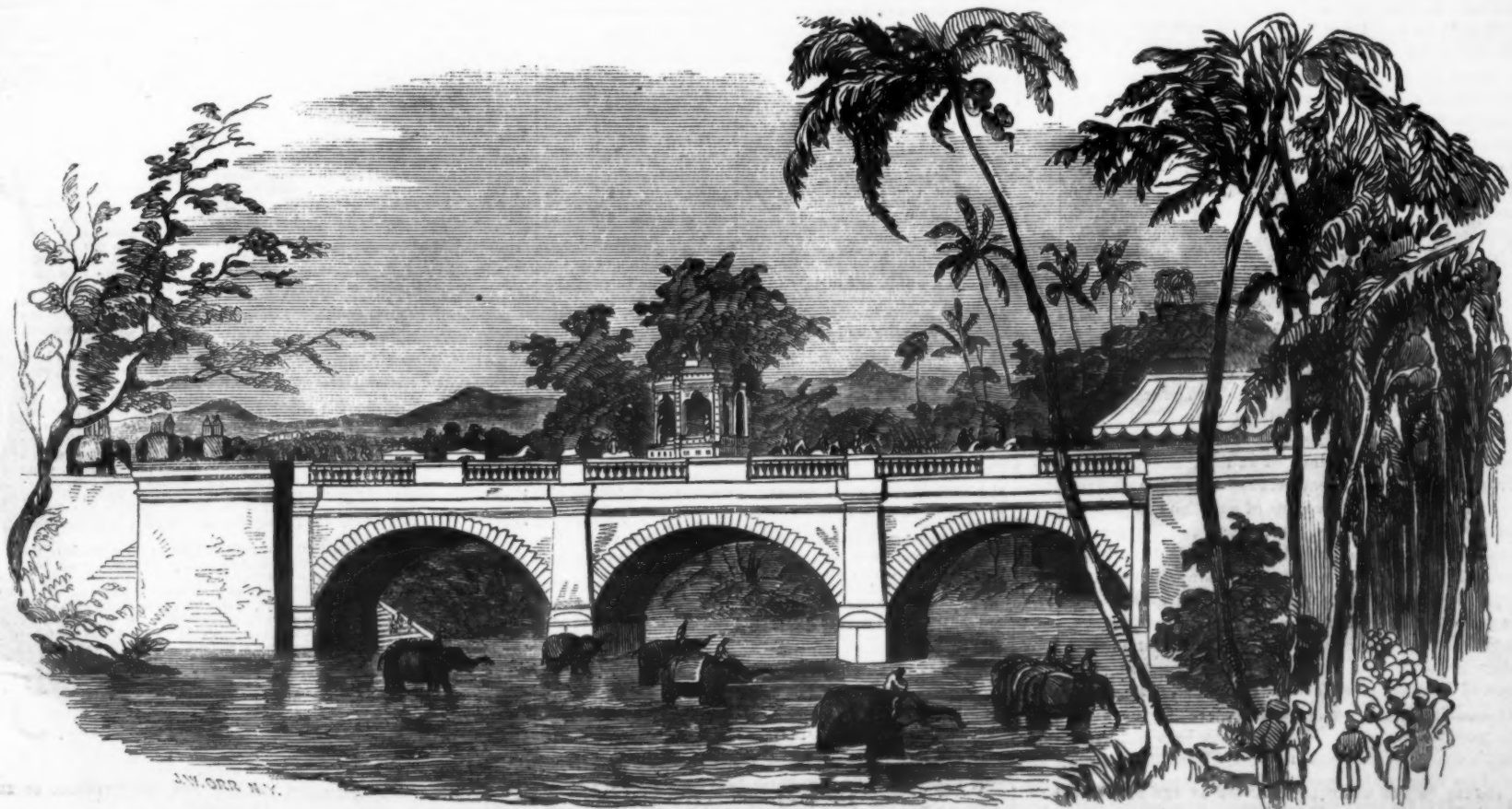
Travancore is now showing other signs of progression in the construction of bridges and amelioration of routes. The old bridge over the Karamany River, is situated near Trevandrum, the seat of government; and, at a short distance from it, a new bridge, more

#### OPENING OF A NEW BRIDGE AT TRAVANCORE, INDIA.

##### THE RAJAH'S STATE PROCESSION.

TRAVANCORE, the southernmost State in the west of India, including Cape Comorin, enjoys the most agreeable climate, and presents the most picturesque and undulating views of the south of India. It is bordered on the east by the precipitous Ghats, and on the west by the sea. Between these the eye loses itself everywhere in trying to follow the labyrinth of hills of all forms and sizes; some covered with fantastic granite boulders, or, perhaps, by an antique pagoda—others by luxuriant forests. The valleys which separate them, winding like rivers, are chequered by green rice fields, bordered by cocoa-nut topees. This country is favorably known in Europe by the liberal encouragement given by its Rajah to the cultivation of the arts and sciences. The skillfulness of the native carvers is also widely appreciated. A splendid example of their work, consisting of a magnificent ivory throne, was presented to the Queen of England by the Rajah of Travancore, and attracted much notice at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Travancore is now showing other signs of progression in the construction of bridges and amelioration of routes. The old bridge over the Karamany River, is situated near Trevandrum, the seat of government; and, at a short distance from it, a new bridge, more



OPENING OF A NEW BRIDGE AT TRAVANCORE, INDIA.—THE RAJAH'S STATE PROCESSION.



sited to the requirements of the times, has been built, and was opened in great style by his Highness the Rajah, on the 17th December, 1853. Our view shows, near the centre of the bridge, the Rajah's magnificent state car, before which the old regal carriages at Versailles, and the most brilliant of the Lord Mayor's of London, would have to lower their diminished heads.

The car was followed by the princes, courtiers, and native officials, in carriages and palanquins, with their attendant hosts of peons, and by a number of elephants in their court costumes. Below, on the bed of the river, were a troop of elephants, that joined with the cannon and the multitudes around in proclaiming their loud rejoicings. In the front were the Body Guards, the Rajah's Brigade, and the leading elephant, carrying his Highness's flag. Only part of the Body Guard is seen in our view; the rest of the procession is lost in the grove of cocoa-nut trees, and behind the pavilion, where Lieut-General Cullen, the British resident, and other Europeans, shared in the ceremony, and waited on his Highness the Rajah.

The bridge, though not large, is an earnest of that progress so necessary in India for the development of its resources. As such it merited the honors bestowed on the opening by the Rajah and the British resident.

#### PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

THE country edition will contain the latest metropolitan news, general miscellany, sporting chronicles of the turf and field; religious intelligence, music, and the drama, up to Thursday evening, and will be despatched early on Friday morning. The New York edition will be published on Saturday morning, and will contain the latest intelligences, foreign and domestic, markets, &c., up to the latest hour on Friday night.

Price, 10 cents per copy.  
Six months Subscription, 1 volume - - - \$2 00  
" " " 2 volumes - - - 4 00  
" " " 10 volumes - - - 19 00

One copy of the News & Frank Leslie's Gazette, \$6 per annum.  
One copy of the News & Frank Leslie's New York Journal, \$5 50 per annum.

Subscriptions should be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York. Communications to Frank Leslie's Illustrated News

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1856.

WHEN General Santa Anna completed his last tenure of the supreme power in Mexico by an act of poltroonery, innumerable were the jokes cracked at the ignominious flight of the wooden-legged dictator, and confident were the hopes expressed of the political regeneration of the people who were supposed to have groaned under his tyranny. It is easy for newspaper critics to form their judgments at a distance from the scenes of political events, and to calculate results uninfluenced by the impressions derived from personal observation. We are but too apt to form our opinions of the characters and motives of statesmen without reference to the circumstances in which they are placed, or the necessities enforced upon them by the peculiar elements with which they have to deal. Heaven knows that we are no admirers of Santa Anna, but the prejudices which we entertain against him are of a different kind from those which animate the majority of his censurers. We do not believe him to be either as bad or as selfish a man as he is represented to be, but we cannot acquit him of that want of nerve which his conduct has so frequently displayed. Had he been possessed of a little more physical courage, there is no man more competent to deal with the difficulties which those charged with the administration of public affairs in Mexico will always have to encounter. He has shown this in a variety of ways. His efforts to impart unity and force to the centre of government, the successful manner in which he succeeded in neutralizing for a time, the efforts of faction, by playing off class against class, and his thorough appreciation of the vacillating and restless character of the people whom he ruled, all proved his political capacity. The charge made against him of inordinate personal ambition was the exaggeration only of a necessity. Had he been as pure and disinterested as Cincinnatus himself, he could not have escaped such an imputation in the circumstances in which he was placed. Had he been less of a despot, he could not have maintained himself for an hour at the head of affairs. His misfortune was, that, feeling the force of this truth, he had not courage enough to carry out to its full extent the logical inference to which it led. In assuming only a part of the attributes of imperial power and preserving most of the forms of the republican system, he committed a fatal mistake. It showed the weakness and hesitation of his purpose, and left him open to the ridicule and inuendoes of his enemies, the worst weapons by which a ruler can be assailed. Had he, like Louis Napoleon, boldly grasped the imperial diadem, and swept from his path all the obstacles which stood in the way of the consolidation of his power, it would have been better for himself and for the Mexican people. Like all men, however, who adopt half measures in critical circumstances, he fell through. The army which would have supported him in such a step, because it would have enlarged their own pay and privileges, felt dismayed by his want of resolution, and abandoned him just at the moment when a bold and vigorous effort might have crowned his hopes with the prize of empire. Between the rewards of ambition and pressing considerations of personal safety, there appears, however, to be no hesitation in Santa Anna's mind. He consulted the latter, and disgraced himself by an unnecessary and cowardly flight.

The circumstances which led to this signal act of weakness, by no means prove that the ex-Dictator's policy as ruler of Mexico, was a mistaken or injudicious one. All the events that have occurred since his overthrow go to establish the contrary. The government of Alvarez, honest and well intentioned as it was, proved a miserable failure because it attempted reforms for which the people were not prepared. The Mexicans have not as yet arrived at the degree of intelligence and enlightenment which the measures of the Pinto Chief assumed them to possess. He excited the hostility of the army and the church by attacking their

privileges, and he had not even the popular sympathies to sustain him against the storm which they raised. Common comfort with more intelligence and equal honesty of purpose will succeed no better because he goes on the principle of endeavoring to conciliate all parties. This plan has never prospered anywhere. In Mexico it is impossible. There is too little unity and patriotism amongst the people of that country for them to comprehend a purely national policy. Nothing but the stern and iron despotism of a single will—of absolutism in short—will ever fuse into harmony the discordant and violently antagonistic elements of which the Mexican nation is composed. Santa Anna felt the force of this truth but had not sufficient nerve to turn his knowledge of it to profitable account.

Amongst the candidates for the supreme power now in arms against the feeble government of Comonfort there is one other man who appears to understand the political necessities of his country. He is, it is true, ambitious, unscrupulous and vindictive, but those very qualities are precisely what are required in the present emergency. This man is Haro y Tamirez, who has been placed at the head of the new movement for the restoration of the Empire, and which is said to be rapidly gaining adherents. Moderate republicanism, sick of the anarchy and bloodshed consequent upon those repeated struggles between military chiefs for the supreme power are, it is believed, as anxious for its success as the aristocratic classes. People generally are, we believe, arriving at the conclusion that any form of government, provided it is a strong one and holds out a hope of permanency, would be preferable to the present deplorable state of things. After forty-one revolutions in about as many years it is natural that men should begin to desire a little repose. If, as this fact would seem to prove, the Mexicans are not fitted for self government, it is time that the experiment should be tried of another system inclining as much as possible to the opposite extreme. This is the view taken by the partisans of Senor Tamirez, and we think they are right. Ardent lovers as we are of free institutions, we are not so prejudiced as to maintain that all nations are fitted for them. Russia, for instance, is a great country, but it is great only because of the force and unity derived from the despotic character of its government. Were republican institutions forced upon Russia, her vast empire would soon be in a state of dissolution. Her people do not possess the education or political intelligence necessary to govern themselves. So it is with the Mexicans. Even if they were annexed to this country to-morrow, the force of our example and the spirit of our institutions would have but little effect upon them. They would be a perpetual source of trouble and embarrassment to us, unless, like the aboriginal races of the North, they died out by contact with us. Under those circumstances, we believe that the programme of Senor Haro y Tamirez is about the only one that holds out a hope of tranquillity and prosperity to the Mexicans. What is wanted is a man of iron will and military capacity to carry it out. It remains to be seen, whether in all Mexico such a man is to be found.

THE growing insecurity of life and limb in New York is creating wide-spread alarm among every class of citizens. Old residents, who have heretofore enjoyed immunity from the attack of rowdies, and by some good fortune escaped injury from neglected side-walks, are now beginning to complain. It seems to be settled that our Police force is of no practical value, and that Mayor Wood rests perfectly satisfied with senseless proclamations;—with giving orders to his subordinates that have no moral force, and then rests from his "efficient labors." A few evenings since, a gentleman of high standing, whose name is well known in the city, passing down Fifth Avenue, was chased for more than a block by five drunken men, who clamored for his life, and swore if they caught him, they would knock his brains out with their fists. No policeman was in sight, and the night being very cold, the street was solitary. Scarcely a group of individuals get together now-a-days, but the conversation insensibly turns upon some gross insult, or attempted assault upon some one by the gangs of outlaws who have possession of our thoroughfares. Follow these bandits, and you do not find them sneaking into some obscure corner; on the contrary, they congregate in our most public places, and in the very presence of the paid guardians of the peace, boast of their misdeeds, and plot new treason against society.

There is not a prominent grogery in this city where individuals cannot be found whom the police know to be guilty of some crime. They are not arrested; there are none to make them afraid. These men even have the hardihood to swagger in the presence of our criminal courts, and brag of their defiance of the constituted authorities. Meanwhile, the Mayor, District Attorney Hall, and lastly our newly-appointed Judge Capron, are busy in their different ways, tickling the ears of the outraged community with all sorts of meaningless demonstrations, which have as much practical effect in arresting the evils complained of, as if they were to play bass tunes upon a penny whistle. The Mayor, in a modest proclamation, suggests "one man power" as the great panacea; and yet, in every instance where his will has been supreme in the administration of the city government, nothing reformatory has been accomplished; and the people can readily judge, that a servant unfaithful over a little, cannot be faithful over much. While he congratulates the public upon the efficiency of the police force—of its individual responsibility—of its military spirit—men are attacked and murdered in sight of their own doors! Before deeds so dreadful are forgotten by our community, a young man, walking along the wealthiest and most respectable part of the city, is murdered and robbed, his body made away with, and the "efficient police" know nothing and care nothing about it!

We have long since become accustomed to the incapacity of Mayor Wood and his army of idlers, and therefore expect nothing. But when Judge Capron came upon the bench, our hopes revived for a single day, only to be extinguished in a thick gloom

of utter despair. The indicted gamblers brought before him had their way in the time appointed for their trial; and the chief one of the whole city, although known to the District Attorney, has escaped without any indictment at all!

We now have the Judge's charge to the Grand Jury; how sweetly it sounds to the ear—how utterly void it will be for any good effect. Mayor Wood's proclamations, District Attorney Hall's suggestions, sound as well as Judge Capron's charge of generalities to the Grand Jury; but we challenge any one acquainted with the administration of our laws in this city, to point out the remotest chance of society being benefitted by that charge. The Maine law is declared constitutional! Every place where liquor is sold is pronounced a legal nuisance! But who believes that those stringent, impracticable decisions will have any effect upon the city? In which way will all these honeyed words make one assault less in our streets, one person in terror of his life from rowdies more secure?

We are no great admirers of sleigh-riding, and the facilities for such amusements have existed, this season, to such an excess, that many persons who have always been enthusiastic, are willing to forego the pleasure for the sake of getting clear of the frost and snow. A lady living somewhere, and writing to somebody, has said, "that being a woman, she had woman's weakness, and having a good constitution, she could stand a great deal of happiness. Therefore, to sit in a sleigh with a handsome young man under numberless fur robes, behind a fast horse, with a 'love of a bonnet'—if such was not happiness, she had no idea of what it was." We must confess that this lady has challenged our curiosity, and under favorable circumstances, we should "ask her out," always presuming we were quite equal to the occasion, and that she possessed that love of a bonnet.

#### MUSIC.

GOTTSCALK'S SPANISH SOIREE.—The Fourth Soiree given by Gottschalk was given at Bodworth's Room to a crowded and brilliant audience. The programme comprised selections from Spanish subjects for the first part, and Cuban subjects for the second part. The larger portion of the audience was composed of foreigners, mostly Spanish and Cuban, but the New York dilettante were largely represented. Admirably as Gottschalk rendered all the Spanish pieces, composed by himself however, there was a sameness in the character of all which produced a feeling of monotony, and somewhat lessened the delight his brilliant and spirited playing would otherwise have afforded. The Spanish March, the last piece of the first part, was the most brilliant and effective of the Soiree and was greeted with the loudest applause.

The second part, although it commenced in the Cuban style, very soon changed its characters, as the various requests from the audience for certain pieces, were acceded to by Gottschalk. First he performed in most magnificent style Liszt's arrangement of Lucia di Lammermoor; then his own exquisite Romanza, The Last Hope, which is, to our mind, one of his most chaste and thoughtful compositions. He also performed his dreamy and beautiful Creole Ballade, La Sazanne, which was very cordially received and then dashed into his dazzling fantasia, founded on themes from La Folia del Reginento. The Banjo was of course given, and the tumult of applause which greeted its close, proved that its popularity is as great as ever.

Never in public or private have we seen him so entirely abandon himself to his subject as upon this occasion; he fairly revelled in his work, throwing into it the whole force of his mental and physical energy. He literally held his audience spell bound, so much so, that we verily believe that he could have chained them to their seats by the magic of his music for some hours longer. We have rarely seen an audience so fascinated and delighted.

Gottschalk must feel proud of the sensation he produced; it was a pure homage of intellect to intellect, and we doubt if he ever played before an audience more thoroughly appreciative of the finer shades of his masterly performance. He has thoroughly aroused the attention of the public, and we sincerely trust that he will not allow the enthusiasm to die out by withdrawing from the concert-room. He should follow up his success, and give at least half-a-dozen more concerts. The sentiment of the public favors this demand; the profit would be large, and the fame not inconsiderable.

We understand that Mr. Gottschalk has some idea of devoting a month to select classes of lady pianists, for the purpose of giving them finishing lessons by executive examples and oral instruction. Such a course of study would be perfectly invaluable to our lady amateurs; and we trust that Mr. Gottschalk will carry out his intention.

CHORAL MUSIC IN NEW YORK.—Strangers visiting the Empire City—the metropolis, as many are fond of calling it—cannot fail to remark the almost total absence of the choral element in its musical entertainment. We certainly have music enough of every kind, from the Fifth Avenue operas to the Chatham-street brass bands, but the great choral works of that intellectual giant, Handel, and a host of glorious followers—not imitators—find no fitting representatives in the so-called metropolitan city. It is true that on some exceedingly stormy nights at long intervals, we become suddenly aware that an oratorio is to be performed in some remote part of Broadway, by an amateur society conducted upon amateur principles. However, as said principles recognize as a first duty the payment of all claims, we can find but little fault with them, although such upright action is making a precedent not recognized by any former vocal organization, and is consequently out of order. With the single exception of this mysteriously conducted society, we have no choral performances of any kind, save and except that hybrid arrangement—a mingling of all nations and all tongues—called by courtesy an opera chorus.

They manage things better almost every where else. In Boston, for instance, not to mention other cities large and small, there are numerous and admirable choral societies. By each of these societies a regular series of concerts is given, at which the highest class of sacred music is performed by a large and thoroughly well drilled chorus, and the best singers to fill the principal parts that may be available at the time. We believe that these concerts are supported in the main by subscription; but although there is, necessarily, much rivalry between the several societies, large and brilliant audiences crowd all the concerts. It is the Handel and Haydn Society, we believe, whose concerts are given on Sunday evening and attract such overflowing audiences, and we cannot but look upon that night as the one most appropriate for such performances. We cannot but approve of its selection on the ground that it is a moral and elevating recreation—an intellectual amusement whose influence could only be for good, and it only needs to be adopted by some reputable and recognized musical organization to become both popular and fashionable and a received and welcome institution among us. Can it be for one moment admitted or even supposed, that New York is behind Boston, or other places, in the will, the means, or the capacity to support such societies? It would be preposterous to admit it for one moment. The capacity is ample; sufficient fine voices and respectable readers could be brought together in a few days to form two large societies; means in abundance could be raised by well directed efforts and responsible parties to conduct the organizations; and the will to carry out the designs of such organization to a most successful issue, though now dormant, needs only to be aroused by a decisive movement in the right direction.

Fifteen years ago, when our city had not attained to its present state of high musical taste and refinement, we could boast of at least one vocal society, with a large list of members capable of performing the most difficult music of the sacred school. Concerts were often given and apparently with success; the best singers were engaged and every inducement held out to the public to attend. The old Tabernacle used to present a most crowded appearance on each occasion; but from some cause or other, there was always a deficit at the close of the season. That there was mismanagement somewhere no one can doubt. A little later, another vocal society was formed, which promised to excel all others in excellence if not in numbers; but its life was a brief one of two or three seasons, for as two men aspired to be supreme leader, and each had separate partisans, clique and cabals ensued, disorganization followed, and the best singing society ever got together in New York, fell a sacrifice to the rivalry of two of its members.

The same element of discord crept in, about this time, to the councils of the old society; two rivals aspired to the post of honor, and the war of party having raged furiously a considerable period of time, ended at last by one of the rivals retiring from the society with most of his friends, and forming a new association. Open war was now declared, opposition was the order of the day, and from a competition so determined the public reaped a rich feast of music. Sacred and even secular compositions not dreamed of during the past existence of the slow old society, were put in rehearsal and produced in rapid succession, in a manner altogether superior to anything ever achieved in that line before. We need not say that it was a holiday time then, and New York heard more and better music during this sharp but brief contest for superiority than ever before or since.

The revolution came, of course, and the result was the ruin of both societies, swamping for a time at least, the very cause itself, and leaving us for several years without one body adequate to the performance of the large works of the great composers. How long this state of things will be allowed to exist we cannot say, but we do hope that some steps will be shortly taken to place New York, in vocal music at least, on a level with Boston and Philadelphia, and thus remove a just cause which our neighbors have for crowing over us with an assumption of almost compassionate patronage. We can beat them and



give them the odds of long years of patient and continuous study: we can beat them as easily and completely in vocal music as we have always done in instrumental music, if we do but turn our attention to the subject seriously.

Whatever steps are taken in this matter, we trust they may be based upon the progress of the times; that the old fog systems of the past will be dropped, as also the old fog leaders. There are certain stereotyped hangers-on to be dismissed, whose even supposed connection with them, would damage the cause irretrievably, and throw a doubt upon efforts, however well directed or promising in their hearing.

In thus drawing attention to a subject which we deem of the highest importance to the general development of a pure musical taste and thorough musical education, we have only done our duty to our readers and the cause of art; we have done so this time in the hope that competent men will take the subject under contemplation, and devise some means for organizing upon a broad and permanent basis, a Vocal Society for New York which shall be worthy of the city; worthy of the affluence and taste of its inhabitants, and worthy of the professional reputation of its musicians, which is second to none in the United States.

### THE DRAMA.

**LAURA KEENE'S VARIETIES.** The production of *Satan in Paris* at this establishment has proved an attractive feature. There is much needed in the midst of the stage, visible in every piece hitherto produced, but we must acknowledge that the most is made of the little that is at present within the reach of the management, and with the remembrance of the excellent acting nightly presented to us we are willing to make allowances for the short-comings in other respects.

Miss Laura Keene, it is an undisputed fact, is strong in favor with the public; she is in the true meaning of the word, a favorite. The public follow her, and she is the bright particular star, wherever she appears, no matter what may be her surroundings. Her striking merits as an actress will in some measure account for this, but will not entirely fill the measure of her popularity; for many fine artists have been amongst us who received the highest meed of praise, but who fell short of that popularity which takes the form of personal liking. It is in this respect that Miss Laura Keene is singularly fortunate. She is personally liked; there is a wide spread feeling of sympathy with and for her which renders her audience her friends, and puts their hearts in their hands when their greetings burst forth. They seem to deem it a duty and a labor of love to uphold her in all her efforts and to identify themselves with her enterprises and her fortunes. Miss Laura Keene's position with the public is an enviable one; many on a less substantial basis, have raised the superstructure of a brilliant fortune. Her future is in her own hands, she is on the turn of the road which leads to prosperity; she must not falter, or become faint of heart; the voice and the sentiment of the public are with her, and if she perseveres, with enterprise and liberality of spirit, she will surely be the realization of all that she has hoped for or desired.

Of her personation of Satan we can only speak in terms of high commendation. It was characterized by grace, spirit and spiritual beauty; a fine appreciation of the author, and a life-like reality in the exhibition of the varied passions incident to the situation. It need hardly be said that her personation met with a vivid appreciation from her auditors.

Mr. George Jordan sustained his allotted part very forcibly and to the satisfaction of all; while the other characters received due justice at the hands of their representatives.

The after piece, *The School of Tigers*, has been well received during the past week. The many pretty ladies attached to this establishment proved alarmingly spirited "Tigers," but not sufficiently so to frighten away some hundreds of "our young gentlemen," who evidently found that "School" a very interesting one to study in, as they returned every evening, without compulsion, to pick up information. Miss Laura Keene enacted the simple yet witty country lad with charming success; and Miss Kate Reynolds bears off the bell as the most spirited and dashing of that beautiful tiger brood.

**WALLACK'S THEATRE.**—A pleasing dramatic sketch, entitled *Duke Humphrey's Dinner*, was produced at this house on Monday evening. Some of our contemporaries have indulged in a hundred pleasant witticisms upon the subject of its long postponed production. That Duke Humphrey should at last have broken his fast and positively dined in public, seems to be to them a source of regret, but all unite in admitting that it was a rich repast in point of matter and acting. The subject of the sketch can be told in a few words. A young couple find themselves without funds and without friends, in a wretched apartment with all the evidences of misery and poverty. In order to pass away the time and perhaps to direct their thoughts from the utter wretchedness of their position, they get up an elegant dinner and devour in imagination a host of delicacies, feasting like the Barmecide of old or Duke Humphrey of modern times, with marvellous appetites, upon—nothing. Made hungry by this operation, Dick Birdoon, the husband, sallies forth with a richly bound copy of *Erasmus*, the gift of an early friend, hoping to raise enough by its sale to purchase a few necessities of life. He sells it for two dollars, hurries back to his wife, and handing it to her tells her to be liberal in her expenditure, but to bear in mind the gross magnitude of the sum. She suggests a magnificent piece of roast-beef, but gradually sobers down to sausages. At this point of the interesting discussion a stranger enters. He proves to be the early friend whose gift Dick Birdoon so reluctantly parted with. The result may be anticipated.

Mrs. Hoey acted the gentle, patient, loving wife with all the earnest truthfulness of her nature. The picture was perfect. Mr. Lester was the beau-ideal of the author. His forced gaiety, to cheer the wretchedness he could not remedy; his hilarious mirth at the possession of the small sum, because it would feed his starving wife; his earnest indignation and genuine emotion, when questioned by the stranger as to the motives of selling his friend's gift, were a picture of reality too consummate to be called acting. We can say no more of praise. The sketch was perfectly successful.

The *Village Doctor* has been admirably produced at this establishment. The piece is well known, and we need only say that its incidents and its denouement are natural and full of human interest. Mr. Placide as the Village Doctor displayed the best points of his acting. His natural manner, somewhat hard and ungenial, fell in most happily with the assumed sternness and brusqueness of the character he represented, and his moments of deep emotion and tenderness received additional truthfulness from the strength of the contrast. It was a masterly piece of acting throughout. Mr. Walcott as the eccentric Baron claims our unqualified approbation. It is a strongly marked character, full of eccentricities, and one which in the hands of any but a consummate actor would most surely be exaggerated, but we need not say, that in Mr. Walcott's delineation it was free from all such errors.

Mrs. Hoey as *Louise* achieved another of her womanly and artistic triumphs. As the young girl, unsophisticated, artless, trusting and affectionate, how unconsciously natural seemed every word and action. In her terrible interview with the doctor, who, on discovering that she is the child of his faithless love, in bitter anger bids her leave his roof, weeping and disconsolate she asks, "if you turn me from you where shall I find shelter?" He thunders forth in the heat of his fury—"Go—to your mother!" she answers—"she is dead." Those who witnessed the struggling emotion and heard the heart broken, dejected, despairing tones which rendered this scene so fearfully truthful, would be slow to believe that Mrs. Hoey was acting. Reality could never wear an air more real; truth could not be more truthful. We should feel much pleasure in tracing the prominent features of this most admirable performance throughout, but our limited space forbids us, and we can only say that it was without a blemish or spot on which to rest a cavil or raise a doubt. Mrs. Vernon was admirable as usual, and Mrs. Sylvester, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Peters filled their parts with ability.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.**—At this house Mr. James W. Wallack has continued his round of characters, but with very indifferent success as regards, at least, the treasury returns. A young lady, a Miss Coombes, has appeared in some pieces with Mr. Wallack, and has achieved a moderate success. On Thursday evening a new attraction was added to the regular stock business, in the person of an antipodean, whose performance consists in walking on a ceiling, with his head downwards. A series of magnificent spectacles are in preparation at this establishment, in which a magnificent stud of horses will be introduced. This will doubtless prove a sure hit for the management, as such exhibitions are well adapted to the taste of a large portion of the amusement loving public. It ought to draw, for horses were made to draw.

**BURTON'S THEATRE.** Mr. J. H. McVicker, the well known delineator of stage Yankee characters, has fulfilled a week's engagement at this theatre. He has made an undeniable hit; his quaint manner, his eccentric humor, and his broad, irresistible fun have kept his auditors in roars of laughter. He stands unrivalled in his line of business, and will make a brilliant success through the country.

Take that girl away, and the Barber's Pile affords Mr. Burton ample means for the display of his broad humor, and he is ably assisted by Messrs. Perry, Setchel, and others. We hope to be able to write upon the performance of *The Winter's Tale* next week.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.** The performances at this house during the past week have not been marked by any material change either on the stage or in the auditorium. On Friday and Saturday evenings it was closed for the purpose of night rehearsals of a new and magnificent pantomime composed by Mr. Lehmann, which is to be produced on Monday evening next, with all the gorgeous appointments which Niblo lavishes upon such pieces. There will surely be a great gathering of the patrons of this establishment on Monday evening.

**BROADWAY VARIETIES.**—We have been unable to attend this new Theatre, just opened by Messrs. Wood and Marsh, but we shall visit there next week. The performance, we believe, consists at present of the company of young actors, called the "Marsh Children." The entertainment is very well spoken of, and is said to be well deserving of patronage.

**LECTURE ON CENTRAL AMERICA.**—A lecture upon this important and interesting locality will be delivered, during the present month, by Rufus D. Ritchie, Esq., at the Tabernacle. Mr. Ritchie has spent several years in Central America, and his observations will derive additional interest from the fact, that they are the result of actual residence and personal knowledge. Nicaragua and the advantages of present emigration there will be specially discussed; and, as thousands of eyes are gazing in the direction of that new El Dorado, the Tabernacle will, doubtless, be crowded to learn the experience and advice of "one who knows."

**PANORAMA OF CHINA AND JAPAN.**—This interesting and instructive Panorama is opened nightly to an intelligent and numerous audience. The merits of this work are becoming generally known. Its commendation by the press has met with no dissenting voice. Bayard Taylor, who has visited the countries described, lectures this week, and is expected to lecture next week also, thus fully endorsing the excellence of the scenes depicted in the Panorama. We advise our readers not to neglect the opportunity now offered of viewing China and Japan in miniature.

### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE OF THE WEEK.

#### PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.

**THE REV. JAMES D. MCCABE, D.D.,** formerly rector of St. John's Church in Wheeling, Va., has been elected Associate Minister of St. Paul's Church in the city of Baltimore.

The Rev. Mr. Grover, formerly a travelling preacher of the Methodist Church in Ohio, has become a candidate for holy orders in the diocese of Penn.

Several ladies of the Episcopal Church in this city are making great exertions to collect money enough to build a free church, to be known as the "Memorial Church of Bishop Wainwright." Eleven thousand dollars, and a site for the church, have already been secured. Mrs. Mary K. Bleeker is secretary of the association.

Afghanistan is situated between Persia and India, has a population of about 5,000,000, and nearly all are Mohammedans. Hitherto it has not been practicable for missionaries holding and teaching any foreign religion to reside in that country. More than twenty years ago, a few Afghan youths were under instruction at the mission-school at Lodianna; and at the present day a few Afghans are accessible at some small towns in the Punjab. There has also been established a mission at Peshawar, by the English Episcopal Church Missionary Society. It is a source of pleasure to be able to record, in connection with the above, that an English gentleman, a captain in the East Indian army, and a highly esteemed Christian, has contributed towards this mission the sum of \$7,500.

Queen Victoria has recently given her consent to the creation of two new Bishops in Upper Canada,—i. e., the present See of Toronto is to be divided into three Sees. A portion of the funds necessary for the endowment of these Sees has been granted by the State, but the remainder, not inconsiderable, must be raised by individual and private subscription.

It is reported that the Rev. Augustine Chisold, at present a clergyman of the Church of England, has recently given \$15,000 to the *Swedish Printing Society* in London—a society established a few years since for the purpose of printing and publishing the writings of the renowned Seer of Sweden. It is said also that a sister of the Rev. Mr. Chisold has endowed the same society with \$125 a year, forever.

Recently, Bishop Doane, of the diocese of New Jersey, visited the town of Orange, where he confirmed eighteen persons in Grace Church. Also, in the presence of a very large congregation, in St. Mark's Church, the Bishop admitted the Rev. James S. Bush, Rector-elect of Grace Church to the order of Priests.

During the last month, the Episcopal Convention of the diocese of Massachusetts held a session in Boston. It was a very pleasant and harmonious meeting. The Episcopal Church in Massachusetts is represented as being in a very flourishing condition. More than five hundred persons have been confirmed; one church has been consecrated; one priest has been ordained, and also four deacons; four new parishes have been organized, and there are about one hundred churches in the State. Since the convention, the Bishop, the Right Rev. Manton Eastburn, D.D., has been married.

In St. Bartholomew's Church, in this city, there was recently celebrated the anniversary of the Church Brotherhood. Bishop Potter, of New York, was present, and presided. Evening prayer was said by the Rev. Mr. Geer, assistant minister of the Church of the Holy Apostles, in this city, and, after the singing of a hymn, the annual Report was read by the Rev. Edwin K. T. Cooke. The New York City Brotherhood has expended, during the last year, for general fund, sick benefits, widows' and orphans' fund, and the charity fund, \$1,566 17; balance, \$1,967 87. This Brotherhood was the first one established in the United States, about six years ago—now there are eighteen. The Rev. Dr. Mahan, Professor in the General Theological Seminary, preached the sermon from 1 Cor., 13, 13.

#### METHODIST.

There are or have been five Methodist Episcopal Churches in the city of San Francisco, California. Of these, a correspondent in one of the city newspapers, thus speaks: "One, a small house on Madison-street, has been connected with the Bethel enterprise, and is involved in the embarrassments which have fallen upon that interest. A small but neat house at Mission Dolores was so involved in the erection of it, that its future is a problem of doubtful solution whether we shall retain it or not. The Folsom-street Society and congregation are greatly reduced, and nearly dispirited; but it may be hoped they will survive the general pressure now so severely testing the strength and fidelity of the several congregations in the city. The Bethel, so long the pride of our Church interests in San Francisco, seems bound to go down under a fearful weight of liabilities, and share the fate of other business interests, recently so promising, but numbered now with the things that were. The financial aspect of the matter is grave enough, but it is the least to be regretted. The wreck of confidence among brethren, with all its disastrous issues—this is the calamity. The Farnell-street congregation have a good house of worship, and a parsonage comfortably furnished. The property is worth about twenty-five thousand dollars, and is under liabilities amounting to about six thousand dollars. These statements do not furnish a flattering view of our cause in this city; but our Atlantic friends must understand that California, and especially San Francisco has suffered the most astonishing financial reverses; and that, in the wreck of business interests and hopes, men will first have care for their personal concerns, and hence public interests are likely to be neglected for the time. And further, no good can come of painting a fair picture for our friends to look at on the other coast, while we are struggling with embarrassments and wrestling with reverses. The truth is—and you of the Atlantic Churches may as well know it—we have no prominent general Church interest in California but is seriously imperilled, if not on the verge of ruin, by some will say, the unavoidable (certainly unintentional) errors committed by those who have had the charge of them, while others will express a severer judgment. A new Church has been recently dedicated at Stapleton, on Staten Island. It is built in the Grecian style, cost unknown, and will seat comfortably about six hundred persons. The Rev. Dr. McCarrall of Newark, N. J., preached the dedication sermon and in the other services he was assisted by the Rev. Henry Behm. Father Behm, as he is familiarly called, and Captain Hart are the only two persons now living in that vicinity, who took an active part in introducing and sustaining the church there, seventeen years ago. One poor sailor at the dedication gave \$150, and a large collection was made.

"As to our house, we have thus far been on a par with the others of the place. And as to Methodism, in its spirit and enterprise we mean to fall behind none. Though even now some large places have more capacious and attractive church edifices, yet this is so greatly improved that few persons on returning to us next season will recognize it as the same house. We have also two additional class-rooms in the basement. This improvement has cost us over \$3,000; and on the day of re-opening (Dec. 20th), the trustees were declared \$234 in debt for it. Yet after having contributed for this object over \$2,000 (with some aid from friends at home and abroad), they promptly and cheerfully pledged and contributed on the spot about \$750, leaving unprovided for less than \$200. All things considered, especially that within three years previously they cancelled a debt of more than \$4,000 that had long and greatly embarrassed them, this is regarded as an instance of commendable liberality, and a cause of devout gratitude to God. The sermons preached on the occasion by Revs. S. D. Brown and J. E. Brown were appropriate, and all that we could desire. The quarterly meeting services immediately following were more than usually profitable. And as we have earnestly sought in prayer, the work of revival has begun anew, cases of conviction and conversion have occurred, the congregations are proportionately increased, and we are looking for greater prosperity. Methodism has acquired such a position, strength of influence, and such numbers in this place as make it equal to any Church in respectability and usefulness. Indeed, some members of other Churches give to it the commendation of greater activity, enterprise, and moral influence than to either of the others. Not only has the light of promise fallen upon us, but the elements of prosperity are possessed, and the fruits of the Spirit are enjoyed."

#### CHRISTIAN ISRAELITES.

There was recently held a meeting of the Christian Israelites in this city, to reply to the charges of Samuel Sly, who was arrested in New Haven for the murder of Matthews. One hundred persons were present, and they unanimously denied that there was any connection whatever between their body and the so-called Wakemans. Before the meeting closed, Mrs. Margaret Bishop delivered a theological lecture, in which she explained the peculiar doctrines of her sect.

#### SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

It would seem from all the statistics published concerning this Society, that in New England, it is gradually melting away. In Pembroke, Plymouth county, Mass., there is a single society, numbering forty members, who meet regularly every Sunday and Thursday.

#### JWS.

The number of Jews in the great cities of the world, may thus be stated, viz: Constantinople, 80,000; Warsaw, 30,000; Amsterdam, 25,000; London and Cracow, each, 20,000; New York, 12,000; Leghorn, 10,000; Hamburg and Smyrna, each, 9,000; Hebron, 8,000; Jerusalem, 6,000; Philadelphia, 2,500; Baltimore, 1,900; and Charleston, 1,500. It is said that in Berlin, there are 2,000 Christian or converted Jews, several thousand Christian Jews are also in England. In the Church of England, there are fifty-nine clergymen who are converted Jews.

### PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION, "EAST ROOM," WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, FEB. 1ST, 1866.

THE reception of visitors at the Presidential mansion on stated evenings, while Congress is in session, is among the few permanent institutions of Washington city. These formal gatherings, under different administrations—their characteristics—and the names of the parties interested, would offer an amusing and instructive history of our social progress, as much perhaps or better than any other single reminiscence, marking the changes which have taken place among the people of our Republic. From the days of Washington to the present time, the tendency has been steadily downward, so far as etiquette and dignified self respect are concerned. To meet the "Father of his Country" at a Presidential levee, was an event in the life of a visitor at the National Capitol. The same stateliness prevailed under the elder Adams; but Jefferson, set the example of familiarizing his guests with himself, and each other, and gradually, the "receptions" have become common place affairs, being often surpassed in splendor and high toned character, by many of the private parties that constantly occur in Washington city society. Under Gen. Jack-

son, the White House assumed (particularly his last term) a historic interest, arising, however, entirely from the noble presence and interesting character of the great chief. Under Mr. Van Buren, the present tawdry ornamentation of the "East room" was introduced, and our "old fog" readers will remember the "gold spoon" excitement, connected with the supposed splendors, existing only in newspapers, of the Presidential mansion. Under Mr. Van Buren was also demonstrated the fact, that a President could make money out of his office, for Jackson, Madison, Jefferson, and Monroe, ruined their private fortunes in their desire to make the White House the centre of profuse hospitality. Under John Tyler, the White House receptions became good examples of country junketings, and the familiarity of the most frequent visitors finally reached such an extent of good nature, that very solemn and particular people in Washington cut them altogether. Under Mr. Polk, the Presidential receptions assumed a degree of high character, and perhaps, comparing them with the "more recent" administrations, have not been surpassed for those qualities esteemed by staid and highly respectable people. The military glory which surrounded Gen. Taylor, gave to the Presidential mansion a historic interest the short time he was its resident. Mr. Fillmore's fine personal presence under his administration became the prominent feature. Mr. Pierce took up his residence in the White House while suffering from the loss of an only son, which necessarily gave a sombre tone to his "first season." Before the second arrived, the President ceased to attract much personal attention, and as his office does not now necessarily confer any dignity, the White House receptions are emphatically the result of long habit in a fixed society, and come and go without creating remark or affording any point of especial wonder. The excitement attending the election of Speaker, had an effect upon the *habitués* of Washington, and gave an unusual importance to all matters purely political, the consequence was that the Presidential receptions for the time being, became unusually animated, and passed off with an éclat, quite refreshing to pleasure seekers.

Our spirited picture, drawn from life by one of our most distinguished artists, represents the Presidential reception of February 1st, which was universally spoken of for the elegance of dress on the part of the lady visitors, the shine of official costumes, and the courteous bearing, not only of the President, but of the guests. Mr. Pierce has the manners of a refined gentleman, and his bearing is marked with extreme gracefulness and ease.

### THE BRIG WM. H. SAFFORD, SUNK BY THE ICE IN THE EAST RIVER.

ON Monday morning, Feb. 4, the brig Wm. H. Safford, of Bangor, Me., Capt. Christopher Smith, master, came up the bay and dropped anchor in the East River, between Old Slip and Fulton Ferry. The tide was very strong, and after the best bower was let down, the cable parted and the vessel drifted towards the Navy Yard, and was not brought up until another anchor was thrown out, when she stopped within a few feet of the dock near the gas works adjoining the Navy Yard. This was about three o'clock on Monday morning.

A little while after the vessel was brought up, the tide turned, and soon ran with great violence bringing with it masses of floating ice, a piece of which eventually struck the Safford with great force, and stove in her bow in the vicinity of the timber ports, when she began to make water rapidly.

At this time there was no one on deck but the captain, who, when he became aware of the danger, called up the crew, who rushed on deck, but too late to be of any service. One of the seamen who was saved states that when he sprung out of his hammock he found himself up to his knees in the frozen water, and the vessel during that short time in imminent danger of sinking.

Though there were but ten persons on board the brig, the greatest confusion immediately prevailed, as they knew not what to do, and could not realize until too late the extent of their danger; and when at length it became evident they were going down, no axe could be found with which to cut away the yawl, that was made fast to the vessel by a heavy cable. While the seamen were tugging at the rope, in vain endeavoring to cut it loose, Mrs. Smith, the master's wife, and her two children, who were in their night clothes, entered the yawl, when the vessel lurched and went down stern foremost, sucking down in the vortex all but two of the persons on board, who it is presumed were too much chilled before they returned to the surface to make any serious effort for life. Besides, the ebb tide was running impetuously at the time, and it would have required a strong swimmer to make the shore under any circumstances.

Two of the seamen, when they saw the vessel settling, rushed for the foremast and made their way to the cross-tees, which, fortunately, reached the surface of the water when the vessel touched bottom. There they remained for nearly two hours, chilled to the very marrow by the cold wind and the frozen water, which reached up to their middle, and in momentary danger of being dragged under, should the brig turn over on her side. Several vessels passed, but none of them heeded their cries, and the Peck-slip ferry-boat came very near them, but the pilot—if he did see them—pretended not to do so, and left them to their fate.

About 6 o'clock the seamen were fortunate enough to attract the attention of Lieutenant McComb, the officer of the deck on board of the receiving ship North Carolina, and he despatched the gunner, John M. Ballard, in a dingy, with four men, to their assistance, when they were taken from their uncomfortable and dangerous position, and brought on board the North Carolina in an exhausted condition. A few minutes after they were taken from the cross-tees, the brig turned over and the masts disappeared under water.

The seamen were immediately put under the charge of a doctor, and on application of the proper remedies recovered, and told substantially the story given above.

The following is a list of the names of the drowned and saved: Drowned—Christopher Smith, master; Mrs. M. Smith, his wife; two children of the above, a girl twelve years of age, and a boy five years old; David Darragh, mate; Alexander Bremner, seaman; Henry Williams, seaman; the cook, (colored,) name unknown—total, eight. Saved—Frank Ryder, seaman; William Brown, seaman.

The seamen on board the North Carolina, with the characteristic of "old salts," made up a subscription among themselves, which amounted to sixty dollars, and gave it to the two rescued seamen.

Captain Smith, who was drowned, formerly resided in Brewer, near Bangor, in Maine, where he was much respected. This was the first time he had taken his wife and family with him on a sea voyage. The William H. Safford was built in Bangor, Maine, in the year 1849, and was about 350 tons burden. When she sank there was a large cargo of sugar on board in the hold, and molasses on deck. This vessel sailed from Boston, where her crew was shipped, some four months ago, to Demerara, where her cargo was taken on board; she stopped at Attakapas, La., on her way to this port. C. P. Leverich, of this city, owned the cargo; the vessel belonged to Captain Smith and D. W. Pierce, of Bangor, Me. The whole circumstance is most painful, the more so as the parties had just returned from a long voyage, and were to all appearance, when they retired, secure enough, being but a few feet from the wharf.

The mate's trunk and the logbook of the vessel were picked up yesterday afternoon. The brig had two boats, but both were lashed so firmly that they could not be cleared in time to use them. The longboat was on deck, and the yawl over the stern.

### CAPT. EZRA NYE, LATE OF THE U. S. MAIL SHIP PACIFIC.

THE people throughout the country, and more particularly those who exult in the triumphs of our commercial marine, will be gratified at the sight of a portrait of Capt. Ezra Nye, who has been so long and so favorably known as a man standing at the head of his profession. The captain, we believe, is a native of Massachusetts, but came when quite young to this city, where he has made his character and his home. Before ocean steam-navigation was a fact, Capt. Nye was distinguished for his fast trips in ships, and for a long time stood unrivalled as commander of the Independence. To Capt. Nye was entrusted for many years the conveyance of the President's annual message to Europe. His triumphs as commander of the steamship Pacific are of such recent date as to be familiar to our readers. On the 19th of last month, the Life Saving Benevolent Association of this city, in accordance with a resolution some time since adopted, presented Capt. Nye with a gold medal, as a slight testimonial





PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION, "EAST ROOM," WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, FEB. 1ST, 1856. SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

of his conduct. The President of the Association, in presenting the medal, said:—

"Captain Nye, it is my pleasing duty to present to thee, in the name of the Life Saving Benevolent Association, this medal, as a memento of the appreciation it entertains of thy humane conduct in sending a boat to, and rescuing from impending death sixteen persons, being all the surviving crew of the *Jessie Stephens*, when a complete wreck, in the middle of the Atlantic."

To which Captain Nye replied:—

"Gentlemen, the successful result of my efforts to save life, due under a kind Providence to the assistance of the brave and gallant crew I commanded, I received as a sufficient reward; but, the man-

ner in which others have received this act of duty has been absorbingly grateful to my feelings, and you will please accept my thanks for this beautiful testimonial of your appreciation, the first gold

orders to steer for the unfortunate vessel. Nothing could have been more hopeless than the situation of the *Jessie Stephens* and her crew—few things less probable, the stormy state of the weather being considered, than that any effective assistance could be rendered. Capt. Nye, without hesitation, ordered the life-boat to be lowered, but the bravest of American sailors were overcome by the storm and returned to the *Pacific*, unable to reach the wreck. Still Capt. Nye would not be turned from his purpose; he refused to leave the sinking ship. After a long and painful delay, the life-boat was again manned, and the efforts of its gallant crew were crowned with success, and had the noble privilege of transferring the apparently grave-doomed crew of the *Jessie Stephens*, consisting of nineteen persons, to the deck of the *Pacific*. The gallantry of this act received at the time the most hearty commendation from the British and our own press, and added new laurels to the fame of American sea captains.

CAPT. EZRA NYE, OF THE U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIP *PACIFIC*.  
FROM AN ENGRAVING BY HENRY.

MEDAL PRESENTED TO CAPT. NYE.



OBVERSE SIDE.

medal awarded by your honored society. The flattering and complimentary manner in which it is presented, can never be effaced from my memory."

The circumstances which have called forth these interesting reminiscences, occurred on the 13th of December, 1855, when the United States mail steamship *Pacific*, commanded by Captain Nye, fell in with the British ship *Jessie Stephens*, bound from Quebec for Glasgow. The *Stephens* was waterlogged and on the point of sinking. Capt. Nye did not hesitate for a moment as to the course he should pursue. As soon as the ship was descried, and the suspicion entertained that she was in danger, Capt. Nye gave



DREADFUL ACCIDENT TO THE BRIG W. H. SAFFORD, IN THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK. SEE P. 161.



**HALL OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION,  
CORNER OF GRAND AND ELM  
STREETS, N. Y. CITY.**

We present, this week, an elegant view of the Hall of the Board of Education. This edifice was originally erected by the late Public School Society, which was organized in 1805, with De Witt Clinton as its first president, and was known as the Trustees' Hall.

On the consolidation of the Public with the Ward Schools, in 1853, the various school buildings, including the Trustees' Hall, came under the control of the Board of Education, when it was decided to remove the Department of Public Instruction from the old building in the Park, to the commodious Hall given in our illustration. On originally taking possession of these new quarters, it was found that the structure was inconvenient and entirely insufficient for the use of the Board. The merging of the two systems brought all the business of the Department of Instruction into one centre, and the very large accession made to the Normal Schools by the enrollment of the teachers of the Ward Schools, made it imperative upon the Board to provide such accommodations for the business and the schools as were required, or to erect a building for a Normal School. After deliberation, it was ordered that the Hall should be altered to meet the demand.



HALL OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, CORNER OF GRAND AND ELM STREETS, NEW YORK CITY.

which is used in the lecture-room, two class-rooms being set off by sliding-doors in the front. The third story is divided into class-rooms, of which there are eight.

The third and fourth stories, with two of the committee-rooms on the second floor, are used by the classes of the City Normal School, composed of the junior teachers employed in the Public Schools under the care of the Board, at present numbering six hundred and fifty young ladies in the female department. The male department numbers about fifty young men, employed as junior teachers in the same schools.

The second story is occupied by the large session room for the meetings of the Board of Education, and its committee rooms, one of which is used by the Teacher's Association as a meeting room.

The Board of Education is composed of two commissioners from each of the twenty-two Wards in the city, its present number being forty-four. As organized for the present year, Andrew H. Green, Esq., of the 14th Ward, holds the honorable position of President, and Albert Gilbert, Esq., the very responsible place of Clerk of the Board and chief of the business department of Public Instruction.

The first story is devoted to the business offices of the clerk and his assistants, and the office of the city superintendent, Hon. Samuel S. Randall, and his assistants Joseph McKee, L.L.D., and Samuel Seton, Esq.

The basement is occupied by the depository for school books, stationery, and the general supplies required for the schools. This building is always open to examination, and will afford more gratification to visitors than any other public institution in our city.

**WRECK OF A JAPANESE JUNK—A SCENE.**

FROM WEST AND HEINE'S EXCURSION TO CHINA AND JAPAN.

Mr. Wm. Heine, the artist attached to Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan, whose drawings form part of the new panorama just opened at Academy Hall, has furnished us with the spirited scene of the wreck of a Japanese junk. No marine picture could be made more effective, or give a better idea of the utter desolation and helplessness of a shipwreck at sea. Mr. Heine gives us the following interesting incidents connected with Japanese junks and Japanese people.

The Japanese junks are of very imperfect naval architecture, and in a storm are always in a helpless condition, consequently, during the seasons of the typhoon, or heavy gales of July, August, and September, many are lost, and junks intended for the coast of Japan, have been driven helpless before the winds to China, the Sandwich Islands, and even to California. In the year 1831, a Japanese junk was wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia, now Oregon Territory. An American ship took the crew to China, when their unfortunate condition called forth much sympathy, and Mr. King, a wealthy American merchant of Canton, fitted out the ship "Morrison" to convey them to their homes. The celebrated Chinese Missionary,

Dr. Parker, and Mr. Samuel N. Williams, afterwards Interpreter to the Japanese Expedition, were passengers also on the Morrison. On arriving at Yeddo Bay, the Japanese crew, were put in a boat and rowed toward the shore, but the authorities refused to receive them, because the organic law of Japan ordained, that a subject who had been in a foreign country and on board of a foreign ship was expatriated and could not be received into the kingdom. Upon a renewed attempt to land the unfortunate crew, the forts on the shore opened on the defenceless American vessel. The Morrison attempted to make landings at other places, but was met by the same hostile reception.

**S. S. RANDALL,**  
CITY SUPERINTENDENT OF  
PUBLIC SCHOOLS, N. Y.

MR. RANDALL has long been identified with the interests of Common School Education in the State of New York, and has devoted to that subject a large share of his time and energies. He is a native, we believe, of the County of Chenango, and is now about forty-five years of age. As early as 1836 or 1837, he was placed in the State

Department of Public Instruction by Gen. John A. Dix, then Secretary of State and ex-officio Superintendent of Common Schools, where he remained, with the exception of a brief interval spent at the South



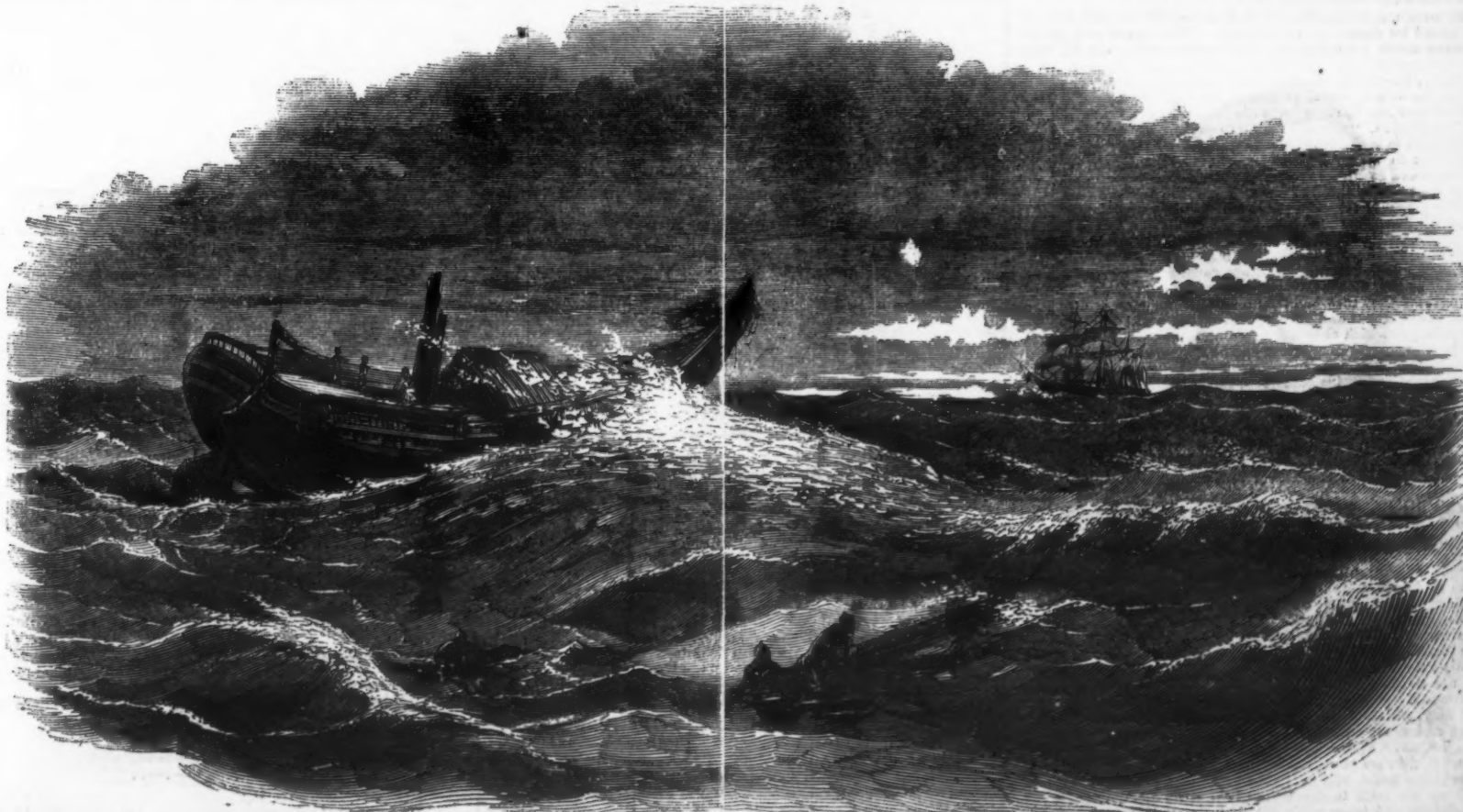
REV. WILLIAM H. MILBURN, "THE BLIND ORATOR."  
FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY READY. SEE P. 154.

The building, accordingly, was altered and enlarged, by several important changes in its interior, and the addition of one story,



S. S. RANDALL, CITY SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS, NEW YORK  
FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY READY.

for the improvement of his health, until the year 1854. In 1840 he was appointed Deputy Superintendent by the Hon. John C. Spencer,



WRECK OF A JAPANESE JUNK.



and on the transfer of that gentleman to the Cabinet at Washington the entire charge of the Department was assigned to him by Gov. Seward. On the appointment of Col. Young as Secretary to succeed Mr. Spencer, Mr. Randall was re-appointed Deputy, and continued to hold that office during the administrations of Col. Benton and Secretary Morgan, when he resigned on account of ill health and repaired to Washington, where he was offered a place in the War Department by Secretary Conrad. In 1853 he was invited by the Board of Education of Brooklyn to take charge of the Schools of that city as City Superintendent; but after a few weeks was again transferred to the State Department, by Secretary Leavenworth. In 1854 he was re-appointed by Mr. Rice, the present incumbent of that Department. In 1851 he was appointed by Gov. Hunt, a Commissioner to digest and codify the laws relating to Common Schools, and presented to the Legislature at its Session in 1852 the result of his labors. At the same time he prepared and published under the direction of that body a complete exposition of that system of public instruction as it now exists, with a full history of that system from its commencement. For several years previous to 1852 he was the editor of the District School Journal, and between the years 1844 and 1850 published several works on Education, and other cognate subjects, together with a series of Reading Books which have had an extensive circulation throughout the State.

Mr. Randall was the early as he has been the uniform and consistent advocate of Free Schools. During the great contest of 1849-50 for the establishment of this principle, he devoted himself assiduously and perseveringly to its maintenance, and had the gratification of witnessing its final and complete triumph in the enactment of the act of 1851. In June, 1854, he received from the Board of Education of the city of New York the unanimous appointment of City Superintendent, which office he continues to hold to the entire satisfaction, so far as we are informed, of those interested in the extension and improvement of our Public Schools. Probably no man in the State is more thoroughly familiar with the whole subject of Popular Education and Public Instruction than Mr. Randall; and certainly no man has devoted more time or thought to this great department of labor, or has had greater experience in its practical duties.

The Hon. J. D. Hammond in his "Political History of New York," vol. 3, p. 226, speaking of the Common School Laws, says: "In framing this bill and procuring its passage, Mr. Spencer was powerfully aided by his Deputy Superintendent, S. S. Randall, Esq., one of the most worthy and excellent of men, who was himself competent to preside over any educational bureau in the United States. A deep debt of gratitude is due from the people of this State to this talented and zealous friend of popular education, for his services in that great and good cause."

#### REV. WILLIAM H. MILBURN, "THE BLIND ORATOR," FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.

THE benevolent and highly intellectual face of Mr. Milburn, will be recognised with pleasure by thousands throughout the Union, who have heard him preach, and been fortunate in listening to his eloquent lectures. The presence of Mr. Milburn is a moral lesson itself. Blind at the early age of five years, his mind, as a consequence, seemed to be possessed of increased intellectual light, and he has achieved triumphs, (in spite of the greatest physical misfortunes, blindness,) which indicate a character of more than ordinary power and perseverance. Mr. Milburn was born in Philadelphia, Sept. 26th, 1823. When scarcely a year old he lost the sight of one eye, and before he was five, his sight was irretrievably gone. In spite of this infirmity we find him at the age of fourteen in Illinois, earning a living as a clerk in a store, and by the aid of friends reading to him, occupying his leisure time in preparing for college, which he finally accomplished, and made great proficiency as a student. In 1843 his health in consequence of close application, failed him, and active life was prescribed as the only thing calculated to restore him to vigor. Determining to be useful, he commenced his public life as a Methodist preacher, and for two years suffered almost incredible hardships among the cabins of the West. In the fall of 1845, he made his appearance in the northern and eastern States, as an advocate for the cause of education in the West, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm, not only on account of his intellectual qualities, but also for his amiable disposition, and eminent social virtues. On his journey north, Mr. Milburn found himself on board of an Ohio river steamer, on which were three hundred passengers. From the number of days the passengers had been together, Mr. Milburn had become pretty well informed of their character, and he found most prominent among the gentlemen, were a number of members of Congress, on their way to Washington. These gentlemen had attracted Mr. Milburn's attention, on account of their exceptional habits. On the arrival of Sabbath morning, it was rumored through the boat, that a minister was on board, and Mr. Milburn, who had up to this time attracted no attention, was hunted up and called upon to "give a discourse." He promptly consented, and in due time commenced Divine service. The members of congress, to whom we have alluded, were among the congregation, and by common consent had possession of the chairs nearest to the preacher. Mr. Milburn gave an address suitable to the occasion, full of eloquence and pathos, and was listened to throughout with the most intense interest. At the conclusion he stopped short, and turning his face, now beaming with fervent zeal towards the "honorable gentlemen," he said: "Among the passengers in this steamer, are a number of members of Congress; from their position they should be exemplars of good morals and dignified conduct, but from what I have heard of them, they are not so. The Union of these States, if dependent on such guardians, would be unsafe, and all the high hopes I have of the future of my country would be dashed to the ground. These gentlemen, for days past, have made the air heavy with profane conversation, have been constant patrons of the bar, and encouragers of intemperance; nay, more, the night, which should be devoted to rest, has been dedicated to the horrid vice of gambling, profanity and drunkenness. And," continued Mr. Milburn, with the solemnity of a man who spoke as if by inspiration, "there is but one chance of salvation for these great sinners in high places, and that is, to humbly repent of their sins, call on the Savior for forgiveness, and reform their lives."

As might be supposed language so bold from a delicate stripling, scarcely twenty-two years of age, had a startling effect, the audience separated, and the preacher returned to his state room, to think upon what he had said. Conscious after due reflection that he had only done his duty, he determined at all hazards to maintain his position, even at the expense of being rudely assailed, if not lynched. While thus cogitating, a rap was heard at his state room door, a gentleman entered and stated that he came with a message from the members of Congress—that they had listened to his remarks, and in consideration of his boldness and his eloquence, they desired him to accept a purse of money which they had made up among themselves, and also, their best wishes for his success and happiness through life.

But this chivalrous feeling, so characteristic of western men when they meet bold thought and action combined, carried these gentlemen to more positive acts of kindness: becoming acquainted with Mr. Milburn, when they separated from him, they offered the unexpected service of making him Chaplain to Congress, a promise which they not only fulfilled, but through the long years that have passed away since that event, have cherished for the "blind preacher" the warmest personal regard, and stand ever ready to support him by word and deed.

His election to the office of Chaplain to Congress, so honorably conferred, brought him before the nation, and his name became familiar in every part of the Union. His health still being delicate, in the year 1847 he went south for the advantage of a mild climate and took charge of a church in Alabama. For six years he labored industriously in Mobile and Montgomery cities of that state, and in four years of that time, preached one thousand five hundred times, and travelled over sixty thousand miles. In the summer of 1853 he came to the north and offered himself to the public as a lecturer. In this overdone business, Mr. Milburn at once took a pre-eminent position, and his success has had no parallel. Selecting for his subjects, Life in the South West, he had a field full of romance and almost undeveloped. Although of slender frame, he has great endurance of body, which joined with his firm mind makes him one of the readiest and most effective public speakers of the country. With such an instance of the power of labor, and well directed industry, we trust that no youth, now poor or ignorant, but with a noble ambition in his heart, will ever give any place to discouragement, or yield up his faith in the certainty that he can determine what the complexion and tenor of his life shall be.

#### THE LAST OF HIS RACE.—Commenced in No. 7.

CHAPTER V.—continued.

As was usual on the death of the head of the house of Herbert, the children of the parish schools were put in mourning, and black given to the poor of the place. Amen Corner, to whom the distribution was intrusted, considered it an excellent occasion to make friends with Nan Willis, of whom, as our readers are aware, he stood considerably in awe ever since the day she had uttered her fearful menace.

Selecting a gown and cloak of the very best, he set forth for the cottage inhabited by the singular old woman, not doubting but with such a peace-offering he should be well received.

"I know that she is within," he muttered, after knocking twice without receiving a reply; "Martha saw her return but a few minutes since."

He gave another knock; still no one answered.

"I'll e'en step in," he said. "It is only those who come empty-handed that are unwelcome."

The clerk raised the latch and entered. He found Nan knitting by the window which looked into the little garden at the back of her cottage. It being the first time he had ever crossed the threshold, for its tenant received but few visitors, it was not without a certain amount of curiosity that he examined the place.

Everything appeared scrupulously clean, though poor, and the furniture of the most simple kind; six cane-bottomed chairs stood with their tall narrow backs ranged at equal distances against the white-washed walls, which were unadorned even by a single print. The centre of the well-scrubbed brick floor was occupied by a plain round deal table, on which stood a tray with a solitary cup and saucer, a small china tea-pot, and one thin slice of bread upon a plate. A seventh chair—an arm one—was the one occupied by the mistress of the place.

"Good day, Nan," said the intruder, placing his packet on the little table and his hat carefully on the top of it. "I have come to have a little chat with you, in a neighborly, friendly sort of way."

The woman started like one awakened from a sleep or a profound reverie; for it was not till she heard the sound of his voice that she became conscious of his presence; true, her fingers had continued to ply the knitting-needle, but the motion had been merely mechanical—her thoughts had been far away.

"Amen Corner!" she exclaimed, "under my roof!"

"And why not, Nan?" demanded the fellow, trying to show a confidence he did not feel, for there was that peculiar expression of the eye which, whenever he encountered it, annoyed him: "since I come as a friend."

A low, hissing kind of noise broke from the lips of Nan Willis. The clerk shuddered; if intended for a laugh, he thought that he had never heard such a horrible attempt in all his life.

"And so you are come as a friend, Amen," she said. "Believe me I'll neglect the warning, but have another look to my door, and a bolt to my shutter, that when I hear the wind rattling against them I may rest in peace, and not think it is my friend come to visit me, who would have wrung my neck if he dared!" added the speaker.

"And why should I wish to strangle you?" demanded the clerk, with a look intended to convey how very much hurt he felt at the accusation.

"Most men like to sleep in peace," observed Nan.

"I do sleep in peace," exclaimed Amen Corner, at the same time striking his chest with his huge hand. "All is quiet here."

"I thought so," muttered the woman scornfully; "I thought so."

"But let us drop this sort of conversation," continued her visitor. "It can't lead to good for either of us. See here what I have brought you."

He removed his hat from the bundle, and carefully displayed the contents.

"There, Nan! there is a gown, not a farmer's wife in the village but might wear it; and as for the cloak—only feel the cloth!"

The usually pale face of the mistress of the cottage flushed with sudden anger as she cast her eyes contemptuously over the things.

"And is it to me, Amen Corner," she exclaimed, "that you bring the gift of charity to the liver of the poor? Am I a beggar? Do I owe any man aught?"

"More, am I a hypocrite, like yourself, to assist a sorrow I do not feel, and dress myself out in the trappings of woe for the last of the name of Herbert?"

"Well, I thought—"

"Out of my house!" continued the woman with increased excitement, "and take your trash with you; I require them not. But mark me," she added; "never, whilst I live, though I become bed-ridden and steeped to the lips in poverty, dare to darken the threshold of my door again. There will be war between us."

"She must be mad," thought her visitor, hastily gathering up the gown-piece and cloth for the cloak; "and Lucifer himself could not match her for pride."

He was about to renew his remonstrances, but was cut short by Nan sternly pointing to the door. There was something in her look and manner he did not like to brave, so he sneaked out of the cottage carrying his present, for such was the light he looked upon it, with him. As he passed through the little garden in front he heard the door closed with a sharp slam, and the bolt drawn rapidly after him.

The singular inmate repeated herself by the window and attempted to renew her knitting. It was in vain; her hands trembled, and after one or two fruitless attempts, she threw it from her and burst into a flood of tears.

"Welcome, old friends," she sobbed, as they trickled down her withered cheeks. "Oh, 'tis long, long since we have met; I deemed your fountain dried within my eyes, that have watched in loneliness and sorrow. And for what?" she added; "a phantom—a shadow. To send me their dole! their charity. If I thought the girl Mabel or Roderick were privy to this insult, I'd rend the mask that has them from the world."

"Fool! fool!" she murmured after a pause; "I grow old, and the once strong brain and iron heart are becoming weak as a sickly child's. I must not forget my task," she added. "I have a duty to perform, and it must be done to-night—fortunately the moon is up—to-morrow is the funeral."

Nan drew from a closet in the room an open basket, which she placed upon the table, and began filling it with flowers, which she cut from the geraniums and plants in the windows of the cottage as well as from those which grew on the outside. She came at last to a white rose-tree, and was about to add its spoils to the heap already collected, when some sudden impulse restrained her.

"Not that," she said; "it is the emblem of purity. I must not mock the dead whom I would honor; the passion flower, the yellow jonquil, and the violet shall suffice. The geraniums," she added, "like the world's gauds, will serve for show."

Having completed her task, she put the basket aside, and resumed her seat at the window, sat watching the declining sun.

"Come night," she said, looking at the flowers, "and I shall have use for you."

At an early hour in the morning of the day which was to consign the remains of the baronet to their last resting-place, in the vault of his ancestors, the rector and Dr. Marsh proceeded to the church to satisfy themselves that everything had been properly arranged, and the pulpit and the gallery which from time immemorial had been the seat of the Herberts duly hung with black.

On their appearance in the churchyard, little Dick and his companions, who had been playing a noisy game of hide-and-seek amongst the tombstones, started off like a scared flock of sheep to a remote corner of the ground.

"Bless 'em," said the old grave-digger, "they need not be afraid. Parson be a good man, and fond of children. He wouldn't say a word. It is only Amen Corner that can't abide 'em. I wonder what's the reason? It be a bad sign when any one hates 'em."

There was more philosophy in the observation than the speaker was aware of, for children are the spring-time of the future, and the love which their artlessness and innocence inspires, is one of the purest feelings of our nature. They indeed are to be pitied who can gaze on them with aversion or indifference: the childhood of such men must have been solitary or evil.

"Have all my directions been followed?" inquired the rector, addressing himself to Nicholas Pim.

"All, your reverence," replied the sexton, looking up from his work respectfully. "The vault has been swept out, and I rubbed up all the plates and handles of the coffins; the great iron door groaned just like a living thing, as it rolled back upon its rusty hinges, and I groaned with it. Poor Sir Harry so young, so good."

The clergyman turned aside to conceal a tear.

"What's this I hear, my good man," demanded Dr. Marsh, "about a light having been seen in the chancel of the church on the night Sir Harry died?"

Nicholas resumed his work.

"Did you hear my question?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old man; "but if you please I'd rather not speak of it."

"Why not?"

"His reverence does not like it to be talked about."

"You may answer the gentleman, Pim," said the rector, in a tone of indifference. "You have long known my opinion on the subject; I am no believer in such folly."

"May it not be something worse than folly," whispered his companion.

Dr. Marsh started; such an idea had never struck him, and he waited with a certain degree of interest for Nicholas to proceed.

"Well, sir," said the sexton, "it be well known in these parts that whenever the head of a family dies, a curious sort of light be seen in the church; some folks say that the monks had something to do with it, but of that I can't speak. I can only speak of what I have seen."

"Have you witnessed it, then?"

"Three times," replied Nicholas. "The first, I was a mere lad; it was when old Sir Gilbert died, and such a night—I shall never forget it."

"Pooh! pooh!" interrupted the rector; "there was a storm, and the lightning—you comprehend, Marsh."

"But there was no storm, your reverence," observed the old man respectfully, "when his son and grandson were called to their account; I saw it then as I did last Friday be a week, when I witnessed it for the last time."

"Singular," muttered the physician. "What was it like?"

"A flashing, dancing sort of light, just as if a great lamp was going out."

"And how long did it last?"

"For five minutes at least."

"And the church was locked?"

"I had the key in my pocket."

"You were not in the inside, then?"

"The Lord forbid!" ejaculated the old sexton, piously. "It would have been a tempting his goodness. I sometimes fear it was wrong to watch for it in the porch."

The two gentlemen walked away.

"Well," said the rector, as they proceeded towards the church, "I trust your curiosity is satisfied."

"Far from it: I never felt less satisfied in the whole course of my existence," replied Dr. Marsh. "I need not say that I perfectly agree with yourself and Elton that there is nothing supernatural in this appearance. Would I were equally convinced that it rolled no crime."

"This is the second time you have startled me by such a suggestion," observed the clergyman. "Is it possible that you suspect my former pupil to have been unfairly dealt with?"

"Certainly not; the cause of his death was undoubtedly aneurism. The fact is, I am puzzled. But mark my words: when the mystery of that light is explained, then will be made clear the fatal influence which for three years has weighed so heavily on the family of Herbert."

The speakers entered one of a series of large vaults, which had been formed out of a portion of the original crypt of the church; there was a goodly row of coffins ranged on stone shelves, and in the centre a large granite one, with a cross and other ecclesiastical emblems on the lid. It was supposed to contain the ashes of the first lay possessor of Crowhall, Sir Humphrey, the founder of the family; if so, doubtless the mouldering bones of some early abbot had been removed to make room for them. A second, strongly bound with iron, was that of Sir Gilbert's widow, the lady who, according to popular tradition, had been buried in her jewels and wedding-dress. The more recent ones were on the opposite side.

"Poor Ellen!" said the clergyman, placing his hand on a velvet-covered receptacle which contained the remains of the wife of his pupil; "it seems but as yesterday that she stood trembling and blushing before me at the altar, her fairy form supported by the manly arm of Sir Harry, whilst I pronounced the nuptial benediction. Little did I deem her fate would have been so sad; she had a gentle nature."

"And strong affection," observed his companion. "I shall never forget her looks, her words, when I entered the chamber, for you are aware that I attended her. 'Save his child!' she exclaimed, 'save Harry's child, and do not think of me.'"

"Would you had succeeded!"

"Would to heaven I had!" repeated the physician; "but it was impossible, the infant was dead before its birth. I anticipated that such would be the case, but I neglected no means, art, or experience, to restore it."

"That I am sure of," said the rector with a sigh. "That," he continued, pointing to a coffin near to Ellen's, "contains the ashes of Walter Herbert. Unlike the crafty Mabel, he was deeply attached to his brother; his death, too was sudden."

"He died in London," observed Dr. Marsh; "I did not attend him."

"Whilst Sir Harry was on his wedding tour," continued the clergyman.

"On the first news of his illness, I hastened to town; and—pardon me, but the subject is so painful, that at this moment, and in this place, I have not nerve to revert to it."

The gentlemen quitted the vault, and emerged once more into the light of day. On entering the churchyard, they saw the sexton surrounded by the children, who were calling to him to come and look at the pretty grave they had found.

"I can't make it out," said the old man; "it is so long since any one was buried there, that I almost forget their names; certain not these thirty years." Dick and little Annie, both holding, or rather leading him by the skirts of his coat, drew him towards a remote corner of the churchyard. Close to the wall the long rank grass and nettles had been cut away, laying bare a half-effaced mound, which was profusely and tastefully decorated with flowers.

In their sport the children had discovered it.

A singular expression passed over the features of the rector as his eyes rested upon it.

"You are right," he whispered to his friend. "Some fatal influence has been at work. In that grave rests Margaret Courtney, the leman of Sir Gilbert Herbert."

"The woman who was expelled from the hall with her infant child on the night he died, and perished in the snow-storm?" said the astonished physician.

"That guilty, lost one."

"Darker and darker!" murmured Dr. Marsh. "When will it all be clear?"

A few hours afterwards the body of Sir Harry was borne to its last resting-place, followed by a numerous tenantry and most of the neighboring gentry; and the next day Mabel started for London.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrowed,  
For he's disposed as the evil raven.  
Is he a lamb? His skin is surely lent,  
For he's inclined as are the ravenous wolves,  
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit.

SHAKESPEARE, Henry V.

In Red Lion street, Holborn, stands a dark, red-brick house, with an aspect as dull and miserable as if it had been for the last thirty years in chancery. The iron railings in front of the narrow parlor windows have a rusty air, and the door seems to look imploringly, as if for a fresh coat of paint. On the first floor are three windows of exactly the same proportion as the two below, and through their dusty panes, on a very fine day, any one whose sight was exceedingly strong might discover a row of strong iron bars, just wide enough apart to admit the occupant of the room, were he so inclined, to pass his hand between them, and water the stunted, sickly-looking plants which grew—or rather which did not die—in the three dirty green boxes beneath. The windows of the second and third floors were so distastefully like their neighbors on the first, that the same description may serve for each.

This was the residence of the well-known bailiff and sponging-house keeper, Abraham Wolf, a very respectable man in his way, that is to say, he had given fitting security to the Sheriffs of Middlesex and Surrey for the due and proper exercise of his calling, which, if not the most pleasant in the world had the, to him, not negative advantage of being exceedingly profitable.

Abraham, or Abby, as his inmates called him, for shortness, possessed a remarkable talent for reading his customers. Few men ever succeeded in imposing on him once, none ever accomplished it a second time. He could sift an artful speech, untwist a well spun tale, as readily as if he had invented them himself. The very appearance of a man, when brought into his office, was sufficient for him to tell if he had money in his pocket or not; and a second glance informed him whether he was likely to procure any. To some he would extend credit for three or five days; to others a week; and in a few instances for a month. But this was generally to heirs of entailed estates, or to sons who had affectionate mothers, richly conjunctured.

Such visitors he permitted to drown their cares in feasting and drinking champagne at fifteen shillings a bottle, which, as a matter of course, the afore-said Mr. Wolf supplied from his own cellar, in order to be certain of its quality, and served them with dinners cooked in his own kitchen, when they wished to entertain their friends.

As for his cigars, they really were genuine—British; he had some conscience. Added to which his customers sometimes insisted on his joining them in one. Wine, like a prudent man, he never drank, at least in his own house in Red Lion street, Holborn; what he did at his snug little box at Highgate has nothing to do with our story. It is the public character we would describe; we scorn to unveil the mysteries of his private life.

Abby had more than one peculiarity. To his credit he never swore or lost his temper if a customer did not suit him; he deeply regretted that his house was full, waved his dirty hand—on which, *par parenthèse*, he never wore less than two diamond rings—to intimate that the discussion was at an end, and directed his assistant to take the gentleman to Whitecross street or the Bench.

In person he was exceedingly stout, and had a decided hook nose, a profusion of curly black hair, and extraordinary whiskers to match.

If the gentleman we have attempted to describe had any touch of human weakness in his nature, it was decidedly for waistcoats, of which garments his collection was no less choice than extensive. Velvets of every shade, from the pall-like black, the regal purple, to the flaming crimson; satins, embroidered in all imaginable and unimaginable devices; and as for the buttons—but we really must drop the pen or change the subject; no description could do justice to his buttons.

Such was the person who received the Mr. Roderick Hastings as he alighted from the post-chaise at the door of his mansion.

"Vel, Captain, back to your old quarters agin. It's sooner than I expected. I thought you were in full feather."

"So I was Abby," replied the prisoner, with a reckless laugh; "still that old rascal, Peter Marshall, died, and his affairs fell into the hands of a cunning lawyer, who is my most bitter enemy."

"I heard of Peter's death," said the sponging-house keeper, with a sigh.

"Vel, the best on us must go."

"In this instance," observed Roderick, "it is the worst that has been taken: a rascally, miserly old skinflint, to let my securities fall into the hands of the man I most dreaded."

"Captain! captain!" exclaimed the Israelite, in tones of reproof, "is that the way to speak of a man who has left seventy thousand pounds behind him? I won't say how much I am shocked, but you may guess what my feelings is."

"I suppose you have netted about the same sum, then," observed Mr. Hastings. "In that case, no wonder it touches you. I suppose you can accommodate me?"

"Certainly, only too proud; you'd like your old rooms?"

The new comer nodded assent.

"Isaac," he shouted Abby.

There was a rattling of keys in the passage, at the end of which was an iron door which separated the parlor, used as an office, from all communication with the rest of the house, and the next minute the party who had been named made his appearance. He was a tall and exceedingly powerful man, about forty years of age, with a cold blue eye, and very light hair. Like his employer, he had the hooked beak peculiar to birds of prey. He nodded carelessly to the new lodger.

"Get the captain's rooms ready," said the principal.

"What am I to do with the parson?"

"Put him in the second floor, No. 3 back," replied Mr. Wolf. "He has only twenty pounds left, and not likely to get any more; so if he objects you may hint to him that he can be removed to the Bench whenever he pleases."

"But he coughs so dreadfully," said Isaac. "Mr. Snipe, the stock-broker in the next room, will never be able to make up his accounts."

"The accounts will be ready quite as soon as Mr. Snipe's," observed his employer with a knowing wink. "There, go along with you; you know I hate to be troubled ere I have once made up my mind."

The Cerberus withdrew, leaving Mr. Wolf and the captain by themselves.

"Any one I know staying at the hotel?" demanded the latter.

"Vel, let me see; I think as Ags Casack."



"By Heaven! the very man I wished above all others to meet," exclaimed Roderick, with a sudden flush of joy. "How much is he in for?"

"A paltry hundred," replied the sponging-house keeper. "I am almost ashamed of receiving a man who is nabbed for such a contemptible sum; but then he is an old friend."

"And had money?"

"A little," answered Abby; "I can't keep house, as you are well aware, for nothing; and I could; my art's good, but taxes are high, and—"

"Send me up a dinner for two," interrupted his new lodger; "Cusack will join me."

"Champagne, of course, Mr. Hastings."

"Curse your champagne," replied the reckless man. "I have not forgotten the last attack it gave me."

Mr. Wolf, very naturally, both looked and felt offended. In the first place, the speaker had given way to an oath—a thing he had a decided objection to; and next, abused his wine, which, although he never drank it himself, he had a very high opinion of.

"Brandy," repeated the speaker. "By the bye," he added, "that's a very handsome waistcoat, Abby."

Even this piece of flattery, though skilfully thrown in, failed to produce its usual effect; its wearer's lips remained hermetically sealed against all attempts at a smile.

"You can charge the brandy as champagne," observed Roderick, "if you like; but curse me if I consent to drink it."

"Vel, vel!" said the Israelite, gently relaxing, "it does not agree with every one. And so you like my waistcoat," he added. "It is a 'handsome pattern'; can let you have a fac similar; got another piece exactly like it; dirt cheap at two poud twelve."

"Call Isaac, and let me into my cage," exclaimed the prisoner, with a hearty laugh, "before I'm quite plucked."

"The perimmaries, Captain, the perimmaries."

Hastings opened his pocket book and took out a bundle of notes.

"Three hundred pounds at the least," mentally calculated Mr. Wolf, and his confidence in the gentleman increased pro rata.

Roderick handed him a twenty, and a few minutes afterwards sauntered into the yard of the sponging-house, which was not only surrounded by high walls, but had an iron grating extending in the form of an open roof entirely over it, with a cigar from Abby's private case between his lips. A quiet, mild, and rather gentlemanly looking man about his own age was the only person who recognized him; they shook hands without the least surprise or emotion, for each prided himself on being a philosopher, and a man of the world.

"Charles!"

These were the only words which for several moments passed between them.

"You seem to have a queer set here," observed the last named gentleman.

"Fools and petty rascals," replied his friend; "drillers, who, having ventured beyond the line of honesty, are afraid to advance, and lack the virtue to recede. There are a few dupes, too, amongst them. The only man worthy of our notice is not here. You have heard of Snipe the stock-broker?"

Mr. Hastings acknowledged that he had.

"He is a glorious fellow," continued the speaker; "I must introduce you to him. Never met with a man whose imagination is so fertile. You will find him a little shy at first; that soon wears off, and you will quickly understand each other."

"I think not," said Roderick; "I am reformed."

Cusack regarded him with a cynical smile.

"And about to be married," he added.

"To how much?"

"Still the same eccentric being as ever," observed the lover of Mabel Herbert; "most men would have asked to whom?"

"Most boys, you mean. Men of the world, when they really know each other, speak as they think; therefore I ask again, to how much?"

"I cannot tell the exact amount of the lady's fortune," replied Hastings, "but it is considerable. And now, Charles, I have a favor to ask of you."

"I have not a shilling," exclaimed his friend.

"To lend," said the former speaker. "My dear fellow, I never suspected that you had, and you ought to have known me better than to suspect me of the weakness of attempting to borrow. No," he added, "fools are my bankers, and when hard pressed, I draw cheques on their credulity. I shall remain in this wretched den but a few days, and have more than sufficient, even at Abby's scale of charges to defray my expenditure."

"Glad to hear it," said his companion; "for next to the pain of being in difficulties oneself, is the unpleasantness of seeing one's friend in a similar position without the means of assisting them."

Roderick smiled at the distinction between pain and unpleasantness; the shade was nicely drawn.

"I know you thought I lied to you," continued the speaker, "when I told you that I was without a shilling; yet I spoke the truth. I have been living for the last two months upon my signature."

"Bills!"

"No."

"Why, surely, Cusack, you have never been foolish enough to commit forgery?" exclaimed his friend, in a tone of astonishment, not unmingled with contempt: "a fellow with your knowledge of the world; I blush for you!"

"It has been my own name, Charles Cusack, and no other, that I signed. I see you are mystified, and I will explain to you: the old stock-broker, upstairs, has been speculating, not only with his own but with his partner's money, in all kinds of scrip. Never did a man rush to destruction at a more headlong pace; my signature is necessary to enable him to make up his accounts."

"Still I don't comprehend."

"Patience," replied the quiet, gentlemanly personage, "and you will; one instance will illustrate a hundred. On the first of February last he purchased eleven thousand pounds' worth of stock in the Mexican Diamond Washing Company. It turned out a bubble. Well, I wrote him a letter dated from some imaginary park, directing him to buy in to the very same amount on my account—and fail to pay the difference. He produces my letters as a reply to the charge of reckless trading."

"I see!" interrupted Roderick. "Rather cleverly arranged; still it must be but poor employment for your active genius. I think I shall be able to suggest something more profitable."

"And as safe?"

The tempter shrugged his shoulders.

"At any rate, quite as honorable," he replied, after a pause. "You will dine with me to-day," he added, "and we can talk over old times and old stories together."

"And this project of yours?"

"That," answered his friend, "is not quite ripe yet, but it will be in a day or two."

Three days after the above conversation, Mr. Ellsgood arrived in London, and had a long interview with his client, for such was the light in which he regarded Roderick Hastings. That gentleman welcomed him warmly, showing that he had long and anxiously expected him.

"You must have thought my friendship stronger than my resentment, then," replied the old man, tartly, "after the scurvy trick you played me."

"What trick?"

"Pledging the bond to Peter Marshall," said the lawyer. "Had I no money to lend—but you are rightly served. Twenty per cent, too," he added; "I would let you have it at eighteen. Considering our long acquaintance, you ought to have given me the preference."

"I was pressed."

"Spendthrifts generally are."

"And am punished, Colly," added the heartless adventurer, "by being caged up here at the moment when freedom of action is of the utmost importance. You have seen Mabel?"

"I have, poor weak creature!"

"What says she?"

"She says very little," answered his visitor; "but she has instructed me to act, and that is better for your purpose. I have given her a list of your debts."

"Including the one to you?"

The lawyer admitted that important item had not been forgotten.

"She will raise the sum by mortgage; in fact the deeds are already drawn, and in a week's time you will be a free man."

"A week!" repeated Roderick, impatiently; "an age, you mean. Why not pay the paltry debt, and set me at liberty at once?"

Mr. Ellsgood began tapping his head, as usual, when suddenly called upon to reflect or decide upon any point.

"Five thousand pounds," he said, "is a large sum; besides, there are other detainers. It could be unbusiness-like, unsafe."

When once Lawyer Colly had pronounced a transaction unsafe, his client well knew that it was impossible to move him; had he merely pronounced it immoral or hazardous, there might have been a chance; but unsafe! It was like the seal to a bond, irrevocable.

"Perhaps you may one day repent it," observed Mr. Hastings. "A little confidence would not have been thrown away."

"Confidence," repeated the man of law, "has been the ruin of thousands; it is like a blind guide to a blind man, sure to lead him astray. A little patience; neither the lady nor her fortune will escape you."

"It's not that I fear."

"What, then?" demanded his visitor, anxiously.

The gentleman threw himself back in his chair, and broke into a hearty laugh.

"There is no bamboozling you, I perceive," he exclaimed. "You are a knowing old fellow—can't do you, if I would."

Mr. Ellsgood's fingers began playing rapidly on his forehead as he mentally asked himself whether he had not already been done! But no, everything appeared safe—legally safe,—and that was all he cared about. As his confidence returned, his digital exercise ceased.

"Thinks if he were at liberty," ejaculated the old man mentally, "that he could raise the money cheaper."

When the ten per cent. and insurance on the life of the heiress are taken into consideration, the supposition was not a very unnatural one.

"Miss Herbert intends to dispute the will," he observed.

"Too late," answered Roderick, gloomily, "too late. Had I not been arrested at the moment I entered the library, I would have wrung it from the craven Elton and his respectable confederates; but to dispute it would be impolitic."

"A hundred and fifty thousand pounds!" said his visitor.

The eyes of his client flashed fire with fury and disappointment, but he only

repeated again through his clenched teeth that it was too late, and requested him to speak of it no more.

"Crowhall will be sufficient," he added, "for Mabel and myself. To be sure we must study economy for the first year or two. When married, I intend to turn over a fresh page in the volume of life, commence a new career; become, like my—like Mabel's ancestor—I mean Sir Gilbert, the founder of a family. With the influence which such a property must give me," he added, "there ought to be some chance of the county."

"Some chance, certainly," replied Mr. Ellsgood. "Sir Harry was twice invited to stand for it, but he declined."

"Once in parliament, the title might be revived."

"Once in parliament," said the lawyer, more and more astonished at his impudence, "it would not be altogether impossible."

"Ah! well, we will speak of these things hereafter," observed the adventurer. "When shall I see you again?"

"In a few days, by which time Miss Herbert will have arrived in London."

"Good. Adieu."

His visitor had resumed his broad-brimmed hat, carefully wiped the dust from his Hessian coats with his silk handkerchief, and proceeded as far as the door, when he stopped as if he had suddenly recollected something.

"Mr. Roderick Hastings," he said, "have you any idea what Sir Harry's younger brother Walter did with the three thousand pounds I lent him a few months before he died?"

"How should I inform you?" replied the gentleman, perfectly taken aback by the question. "You forget I never saw him."

"Ah, true—true. Good morning."

And Lawyer Colly left his client to his meditations.

An hour later his fellow prisoner and quondam associate came as usual to dine with him.

"You have received a visitor," observed Cusack, as soon as they were alone.

"Yes."

"Good news, or bad?"

"Both."

"Then I neither congratulate nor condole with you," was the reply; "the one neutralises the other."

"Imperfectly," answered his friend. "The time has arrived, Charles, to test—not your friendship, for you are well aware that I have little faith in any man's—but your tact—possibly, your courage."

"I know that you despise your fellow creatures."

"Profoundly," said the adventurer. "But let that pass. By the death of a party, who for the present must be nameless, a box containing a number of letters, which, as the advertisements say, are of no value to any but the owners, have fallen into hands from which I am most anxious to obtain them."

"Have you tried money?"

"He is rich, and not to be bribed—a dreamer, and believes in what the world calls honor."

"There are such idiots in the world," coolly observed Cusack.

"He resides in a lone house in a distant part of the country," continued Roderick, "and has not the slightest idea that the letters are of importance to any one. Now I," he added, fixing his eyes upon his guest, "would give a thousand pounds to obtain them."

"By what means?"

"By any means."

"Say no more," exclaimed his friend, starting from his seat; "they shall be yours—that is, as soon as I can get out of this infernal den."

"Your debt shall be paid."

"But how am I to recognise this box?"

"There is a name engraved upon the lid; you cannot mistake it," replied the tempter.

"And the name of the gentleman into whose possession—?"

"That you shall learn on the day you are free."

"And when will that be?"

"The day after my marriage."

Six weeks after the above conversation, the following announcement appeared in the morning papers:—

"Married, at St. Georges, Hanover-square, Roderick Hastings, Esq., to Miss Mabel Herbert, of Crowhall. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair started for the continent."

(To be continued.)

## HUMBLE LIFE.

### CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from page 139.)

The wind, which for the last month had been playing about between north and east, never changing, despite the constant whistling of upwards of five thousand full-cheeked Dock laborers, at last shifted round to the west. Many a poor fellow who had gone home over night hungry and depressed, now looked cheerful and contented, for he would that day be sure of getting some work to do.

The weathercocks of London were due west—golden arrows, painted foxes, zinc sportsmen, all of them were pointing to the bread-giving quarter. Vessels that had long been weather-bound would now spread their sails, and hurry up the Channel, to give work to Tim Bradley and his companions.

For the first time, Tim formed one of a gang. At last, he was to receive the half-crown that had been haunting his dreams and wasting his days, till it had almost driven him to despair. Now the bill at the baker's should be paid, the clothes redeemed, the stomach filled, and that noble girl, whose hands had never ceased, made to rest a little from her work. His turn of labor had now come; he would provide the food and the house-room, and tire his limbs, and prove his gratitude by pouring into the lap of his protectress his hard-earned gains.

He could scarcely help laughing when he saw the post assigned to him. In a huge drum were nailed several long stout batons, on which he and his companions, holding on by a rope, had to tread, turning the monster cylinder round and round, after the principle of a squirrel in its cage, so winding in the rope that it lifted the bales from the hold of the ship.

"It's very good training for Briston," said one of the fellows, laughing at Tim's look of wonder; "and makes a fellow as active as a white mouse, it do."

"Ah! it's summum like our lot," said another, trying to be philosophical; "always a trying to get higher and higher, but the ground slips away and leaves us just where we was, only a bit more tired then when we begun, that's all."

At first Bradley enjoyed the sport so much, that, breaking from the steady tread of the other men, he went desperately to work, stamping as fast and as heavily as he could; but a heavy thump on his shin soon cooled down.

After working for an hour or two, Tim began to find out that the labor was harder than he had expected. The muscles of his legs ached as if they had been beaten; and several times his companions had to shout out to him, in no very encouraging terms, to force him to contribute his share of strength.

"Make a fast-rate footman, you would," cried one; "hate running up stairs so much. Just another ha'porth o' pushabout, if it ain't trouble'n' yer too much."

There was no flagging. The batten threatened the shin too cruelly and surely to blow of that; and the only hope of help was in the sinews getting numbed and senseless to the pain.

"It's to-morrow mornin' as you'll feel it—punish you worse nor skating. Yer legs 'll be like a pair o' compasses; but wait a bit; never despair, and in less than no time they'll be as full o' spring as a clasp-knife—go click every time yer opens 'em."

It seemed as if twelve o'clock would never come. The dinner-hour's respite would set him up again, for the pain was growing intolerable. The bones of his legs seemed to bend at each push he gave. How anxiously he listened to ship-bells sounding the hours, making his companions shout, by asking, each time he heard them, what o'clock they meant.

At length the great work-bell rang, and with its first clang the men jumped from their post, and commenced putting on their coats. Some of them taking up the handkerchief with the saucer bulging out of the bottom of it, set to work eating vigorously, so as to have the longer nap afterwards. But the greater portion of the crew had to wait for the refreshment man, who came round regularly with his cans and baskets.

As the ships kept pouring in each day, the work at the Docks was brisk and certain. For two weeks Tim had been earning his thirty pence daily, living, too, as prudently as he could, so that he had kept his word, and Kitty's tea-cup had many a silver shining in it. He could now work against the best man in the place, for his legs had grown used to the exercise through constant practice.

So as to avoid temptation, the weaver, each day when the refreshment man came round, would walk away, and amuse himself as he ate his food by looking at the shipping. But the vessel that centred the whole of his thoughts, and near which he would linger, like a boy at a stable-yard, was one that was shortly to start for Australia. Tim would watch and peep into each packet that went on board as curiously as a wife does into her husband's letters when they are in a lady's handwriting. Sometimes the red handles of a plow would be sticking out of the brown matting that packed it, or the bright ends of spades and hoes glitter through their coarse canvas covering. All these were bound to the land he had set his hopes upon, and how he envied them their journey! As he never missed visiting this vessel, the sailors began at last to know him, and talk with him.

"Why, only think," said one, who was his especial companion, "you may get a leg of the primest mutton for sixpence. It's so cheap, they boils down the sheep for taller. That's summum like, aint it?"

"And wages?" asked Tim.

"Well, sixty pounds is often given up the Bush, or even seventy; and wimmen, about twenty-five and their rations. Besides, they is more like one of the family like; they're all lonely up the country. Why, a small wench can get seven bob a week for minding little 'uns."

"Nonsense!" cried the astonished weaver.

"Why, bless you," continued the man, "a feller as is a good shot may make a fortune. Turkeys, parrots, ducks, a-flying about like sparrows here. Knock down your ducks, and get twenty shilling a pair for 'em at Wellington."

Tim's eyes opened wider and wider. "And the natives is cannibals, aint they?" he added, with a look of fear.

The sailor burst out laughing; "No! not half as much as some of 'em here. Don't eat a man up half as quick. Bless you, they're as quiet as crows, and flies off a'most as quick if they smells powder. Cannibals! ha! ha! ha!"

Such talk as this nearly maddened the poor fellow. It was like a hungry beggar looking in at a cook-shop window, sharpening his appetite to no purpose. Tim would work silently; so intent in thought, that his regular com-

panions could play all sorts of tricks on him—take pence out of his coat-pocket as easily as possible. In two days the vessel was to start: he would see it leave with its sails stretched out—the docks filled with hopeful, cheerful faces—to leave him, sick at heart, to starve on at home. What could he do? Twenty pounds! it might as well be a thousand!

Kitty couldn't imagine what was the matter with Tim. Did he work too hard? He should eat more, and take some beer to strengthen him. She was filled with anxiety on his account, and tried a thousand plans to cheer him up. She used to burnish up the children against the father's arrival, with a zeal that made their cheeks burn again; and she bought a penny book of riddles to pass the evening; and they would sit in a circle round old Lamere guessing at each conundrum, and laughing at the old man, who was the worst hand of the whole lot. But it was useless, the vessel was to start the next day, and there was no rousing him.

Tim Bradley, to tell the truth, was hard at work studying and perfecting a plan which had within the last few hours forced itself into his brain. He had heard of men as hard pushed as himself gaining their point by concealing themselves in the hold of the ship till she was fairly at sea. Why shouldn't he do so? At mid-day the ship's deck was deserted: he might do it easily enough. But to leave all that he cared for, that was the pang. His children, Kitty, the old man, how bitterly they would reproach him! Still, with seventy, sixty, or even fifty pounds a year, a few months would see them by his side, in the midst of plenty. Ducks twenty shillings a pair! A leg of mutton for sixpence! It was a hard struggle.

In the morning Tim called upon Joe, the pigeon-fancier.

"Haven't you got some of them carrying sort?" he asked.

"As nice a pair as ever opened a wing," was the answer.

"I'm a-going a walk: shall I take one on 'em and fly him—just for a lark?"

Joe had no objection, and, giving the proper direction, handed over the bird.

At twelve o'clock the weaver hurried to the nearest baker's, and bought himself a dozen hard ship's biscuits. At the nearest pump he filled four bladders he had brought with him, and, tying them to his handkerchief, fastened them round his waist; then, running back again to the Dock, he went to survey the vessel. All was bustle. The ground round about was covered with packages and luggage. Gun-cases, coops of hens, bright pots and pans, rabbit-hutches, trusses of hay closely packed, and bound with iron hoops—everything indicated a long journey. At six o'clock the anchor was to be weighed—in a few hours the vessel would be tossing on the sea. If he had had any compunctions of conscience before, the bustle and excitement of the scene now decided him. Yes, he would go! What were a few months' suffering to years of prosperity to come? Say what they would, he would go!

The deck was crowded with passengers: some seated on their trunks, with their eyes turned sorrowfully towards the city, as if looking for the friends they were about leaving for ever; others, their faces beaming with hope, longing to reach the promised land. Whilst amongst them walked the sailors, watching everything with a calmness and indifference that seemed strange to the scene.

Tim's blood was boiling within him; instead of finding the deck deserted, it was crowded with life. Was there no chance? A half-hour would decide his fate.

He went on board to watch his opportunity, his excuse being that he wished to see his old friend the sailor. The clock was stealing slowly on—he would wait till the last minute, and then, risking detection, leap suddenly into the hold.

Chance at last favored him. A vessel outward bound was leaving the dock, and as she passed the Good Friend, her rigging became entangled. Instantly every one was in motion, the sailors clambering all aloft, and the passengers crowding to the side. All eyes were busily employed. Not a moment was to be lost. Clinging to the sides of the hold, he swung for a moment in the air, and then dropped himself upon the packages beneath. It was not far to fall, and yet the noise he made was so great, that, creeping behind a large cask, he listened breathlessly to hear if it had been noticed. But no one came, and clambering over the bales and boxes till he had reached the darkest corner, the man crept into a small opening, and, crouching down, awaited the sailing of the vessel.

The clock struck twelve, and the work began again. Tim from his hiding-place watched the cargo as it was lowered down to the men who received it below. He scarcely dared to breathe, for fear they should hear him. The goods were lowered so unceasingly, that he could not help blessing the strange ship for the aid it had afforded him. Throughout the remainder of the day not another chance occurred, and it would have been madness to have made the attempt whilst the sailors continued in the hold.

Once the men came so near that he could have touched them; and they pushed the bales so closely together, that his shoulders were pressed back so that he bit his lip with pain; but he never stirred.

Before the clock had struck four all the goods had been stowed away, and the sailors mounted on deck again. As the last man left the ladder, a pigeon whizzed by him.

"See that, Bill!" he cried. "Who the deuce has been shoving pigeons down here?"

"Never mind, it's only one less for the colonies," "I suppose the cage has been and got broke. Come on," and in a few moments Tim was in darkness.

Now he was safe. Hurrah for Australia! Sixty pounds a year!

How he listened to every sound. What bustle there was overhead, as the time for starting drew near. At last he thought he could catch the squeak of a fiddle, and at one end of his prison there was a grating noise as of a heavy chain, being drawn up, and the footsteps above moved faster and faster. Were they never going to start? Suppose they had altered the hour for departure, and Kitty should come to hunt for him! All would be lost. He would have given his first year's wages to know whether they were moving—his dread of discovery was such. At length he heard the voice of some one shouting as if through a trumpet, and the sides of the vessel rubbed and creaked as if against some stone pier. Yes, they were off at last, safe and sound; and every minute was lessening the distance to Australia.

He could not sleep that night—his thoughts were at home with the old man and his daughter. They would be waiting for him, wondering at his absence, fearing for his safety, whilst he had left them in their struggling. But heaven knew he had done it all to serve them; and when a few months had passed, they would bless him for it.

To pass the time, he set about making for himself a nest more comfortable than the one he had left. He felt for a soft place, and when he had found one, he tried to push the packages apart; but they were so tightly fixed that it cost him many an hour's hard labor. This was just what he wanted—something to occupy him, and make the time pass quickly. He could not tell the time; for, though he listened attentively for the bells on deck, still he heard them so indistinctly, that they were useless. He began to feel tired with his exertions, and, creeping into his hole, was soon asleep.

When he awoke, the vessel was rising and sinking, as if riding on the sea. It was strange he did not feel





VIEW OF THE CITY OF HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.

## CITY OF HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.

THIS thriving city is situated at the head of Burlington Bay, formed by the western extremity of Lake Ontario. It is three hundred and seventy-five miles distant from Montreal, and seventy miles northwest of Buffalo. The streets cross each other at right angles; King street, the principal thoroughfare, runs throughout the entire breadth of the town. A remarkable improvement has of late years been effected in the character of the buildings of Hamilton by the use of free-stone, supplied from the quarries in the rear of the town, supposed to be inexhaustible. The traffic of Hamilton was greatly facilitated by the construction of the Burlington Bay canal, but the crowning triumph to the commercial prosperity of the city, was the completion of the Great Western Railway, giving Hamilton ready access to the vast and fertile region of the Mississippi Valley. Lines of railway are also in progress, which, when completed, will open communication with Lake Huron, Montreal, and the northern interior of the province.

RUSSIAN CROSS,  
TAKEN FROM A HOUSE IN THE  
REAR OF THE REDAN.

THIS interesting relic was found in a private house in the rear of the Redan, Sebastopol. The cross is about seven feet six inches high, carved and decorated with considerable skill, and bearing evidence of frequent and long use. It was, without doubt, borne in front of the Russian troops in place of a military ensign, and was calculated to inspire that religious fanaticism which Nicholas endeavored to instill into his soldiers. Throughout the war, the priests have taken an active part in the hostilities, distributing crosses, relics, charms, and other holy tokens among the troops, blessing the flags, cannon, and regiments, and infusing the idea in their harangues, that the war was in defence of Palestine, and the Greek Church.

SIR ALLAN MACNAB,  
PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.

THE great public service rendered by Sir Allan to his native country, together with his untiring efforts in promoting the interests of Hamilton (now a city of 25,000), lately induced his constituents and friends in other parts of the province to join in presenting him with a handsome service of plate, as a testimonial of their esteem, and an acknowledgment of his long and faithful services.

The presentation took place at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute in Hamilton. The noble apartment, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion, presented a most brilliant appearance. The superb service of plate was purchased from Messrs. Lambert and Rawlings, Coventry-street London. It consists of twenty-two

pieces, with a splendid Candelabrum as a centre piece, bearing the following inscription:—

Presented to Colonel the Honorable Sir Allan Napier Macnab, Prime Minister of Canada, who has represented the City of Hamilton and County of Wentworth, in the Parliament of Canada, for twenty-five years, by the Citizens of Hamilton of all political parties, as an acknowledgment of his valuable service and untiring efforts in promoting the material interests of that city and of the Province generally; but more especially for the important aid he has rendered in the construction of the Great Western Railway, which has conferred the most important and lasting benefits—moral, fiscal, and political, upon Hamilton and upon Canada. 1856.

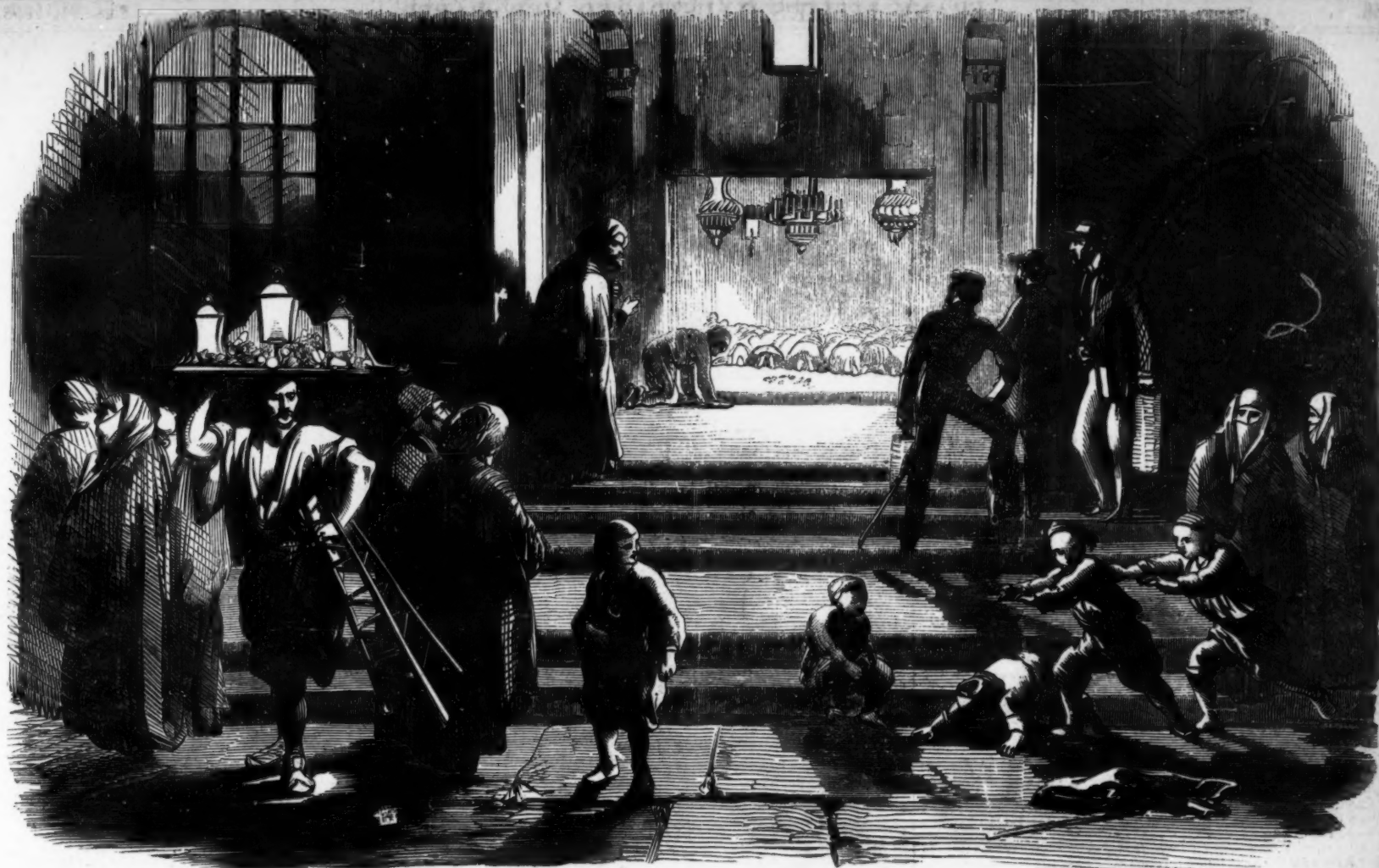


SIR ALLAN MACNAB, PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MILNE.)

Sir Allan Macnab is well known on our northern frontier from his connection with the destruction of the steamer Caroline in the year 1837-8, for which service he was Knighted. Of his military character we need not speak; but his noble advocacy of public improvements call forth our admiration.

RUSSIAN CROSS, TAKEN FROM A HOUSE IN THE REAR OF THE  
REDAN, SEBASTOPOL.





TURKISH FAST, RAMAZAN, IN THE MOSQUE OF TOPHANA, CONSTANTINOPLE. SEE NEXT PAGE.

In 1834 he procured an Act incorporating the London and Gore Railway Company; which was amended by a subsequent Act introduced by him in March 1837, and the name of the Company was changed to that of the Great Western, now known in this country as the Great Western of Canada. Owing to the rebellion which broke out at the commencement of the following winter, and the consequent long period of blight which fell upon the province, this and all projects for improving its condition remained in abeyance. When better times returned, Sir Allan renewed his exertions on behalf of this and the Grand Trunk line, and was mainly instrumental in procuring for both enterprises the aid of the Provincial govern-

ment; which formed the chief element in the success which has attended the construction of these works, now so well known and appreciated. Sir Allan Macnab's mind was early directed to the importance to the trade of Canada of rendering the St. Lawrence navigable for lake-going craft of large burden; he also aided materially in carrying on those magnificent canals constructed to avoid the rapids of that mighty river—unsurpassed by any similar works in the world. He likewise supported with all his influence the enlargement of the Welland Canal, which connects the two great lakes, Erie and Ontario, to a capacity to admit of vessels carrying 500 tons, passing from any of the great western lakes through to tide water.

As early as the year 1835 he turned his attention to the desirability of increasing the facilities of communication between the western lakes and Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence by means of a railway connection. In that year he procured an Act to incorporate a Company for the purpose, called the Hamilton and Port Dover Railway Company. This line was delayed in its completion from the causes before assigned; but the charter has been recently revived by Sir Allan, and the route is now regarded as likely to become one of the most important channels for the vast and yearly increasing trade of Western America.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—DRAWN BY THOMAS. SEE NEXT PAGE.



# TURKISH FAST CALLED RAMAZAN, IN THE MOSQUE OF TOPHANA.

This celebrated "mortification of the Mohammedans" took place at sunset on the 16th of May. It is only recently, since the French and English have taken possession of Constantinople, that the Christian world has been admitted to the secrets of the mosque. On a recent occasion, an English artist and two friends were wandering in the suburbs of the "City of the Sultan," when their attention was attracted to the interior of a mosque which was brilliantly illuminated. Ascending the steps, the interior became visible, the chandeliers throwing a phosphoric light upon a crowd of prostrate faithful. Children were playing about, and cake and sugar-plum trafficking; those common-place incidents, contrasting strangely with the devotional scenes within the mosque. The Ramazan, which is the Mohammedan's Lent, is thus described:—

The day is passed by the rich at least, in sleep or total idleness. Every Moslem, with the exception of travellers, children, and invalids, is forbidden to taste food or drink, to smoke or take snuff, from sunrise to sunset; and very wretched do they look, squatting on their divan or at the door, without the favorite pipe in their mouths, and having no other occupation than counting their beads. As the Turkish month is lunar, the Ramazan runs through every season in the course of thirty-three years; and when it occurs in summer, the laboring classes suffer severely from exhaustion and thirst. "I have seen the boatmen," says Mr. Turner, "lean on their oars almost fainting; but I never saw, never met with any one who professed to have seen an instance in which they yielded to the temptation of violating their fast." The moment of sunset is of course eagerly sought for; it is announced by the firing of cannon. It might be supposed that the first act of the hungry and thirsty would be to eat and drink, but numbers of Turks may be seen with their pipes ready filled, and the fire to light them in their hands, awaiting the welcome signal, every other gratification being postponed for that of inhaling the fragrant weed. The night is passed in devotional forms and revelry. The minarets are illuminated, and the streets are covered with the faithful.

## VALENTINE'S DAY.—DRAWN BY THOMAS.

Of all the saints, we believe St. Valentine enjoys the most universal popularity. There is no acrimony, fanaticism, or bigotry connected with our good opinions of St. Valentine. He presides over hearts, and the affections; the young worship his memory, the old refer to his blessed character with pleasure. Throughout 1856, St. Valentine has an increased influence, for by virtue of its being leap year, love missiles can come from the ladies, and this will increase their circulation over ordinary years. The origin of the peculiar customs of St. Valentine's Day is involved in mystery. Among the pleasant traditions, perhaps none is more worthy of adoption than the following:—

Madame Royale, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, having built a palace near Turin, which, in honor of the saint, then in high esteem, she called it Valentine; at the first entertainment which she gave in it, she was pleased to order that the ladies should receive their lovers for the year by lots, reserving to herself the privilege of being independent of chance and of choosing her own partner. At the various balls which this gallant princess gave during the year, it was directed that each lady should receive a nosegay from her lover, and that at every tournament the knight's trappings for his horse should be furnished by his allotted mistress, with this proviso, that the prize obtained should be hers. These pleasant interchanges among the "young people" finally grew into a custom, and thus originated the exchange of love tokens on St. Valentine's Day.

**THE WEARING OF SHAWLS INDICTABLE.**—A woman, dressed in men's clothes, was arrested at St. Louis a few days since, taken before the Recorder and fined fifty dollars. She called herself Miss John Smith, and said she had followed the river, and had been wearing men's clothes for several years. Miss John had her revenge, by filing a complaint against two well known citizens for appearing in the streets in habiliments not belonging to their sex, namely, shawls. Gentlemen wearing shawls will please take notice.

**MICROSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS.**—Some microscopic photographs exhibited at Manchester, England, have excited much admiration. One of the size of a pin's head, when magnified several hundred times, was seen to contain portraits of seven of the artist's family, the likenesses being admirably distinct. Another microscopic photograph, of still less size, represented a mural tablet, erected to the memory of Wm. Sturgeon, the electrician. This little tablet covered only one hundredth part of a superficial inch, and contained six hundred and eighty letters, every one of which could be distinctly seen by the aid of the microscope.

## CHESS.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**EDITOR CHESS-COLUMN.**—I am very much obliged to you for the full and satisfactory answers to my inquiries. I shall profit by them. As to my complaints of typographical errors, I fear that you regard them more seriously than I intended you should. It is true, as you say, that the errors are not so numerous as they are charged to be. But I think it would be well to bear in mind that there are many readers and learners who are not quite so familiar with the game as you and I, and with whom the corrections are not so easy; and when one occurs, it very often operates as a discouragement to the further study of the game, which I am sure you do not desire.

It is not for me, a player of but a few months ago, and unpractised in the use of the pen, to enter into a controversy with a chess-magnate of your standing. But I will take courage to say, in defense of what I have before written of Game V., that I fully concur with you in the remark that "almost any game of Mr. M.'s would be interesting." Now, I certainly looked upon this not as one of his—but as Mr. Montgomery's—played, published in the form it was, and commented upon for the very purpose of testing the strength of the tenth move, which Mr. M. claimed as an "improvement." Nor do I believe that Mr. S. would have himself very much honored by receiving the paternity upon him, after "knocking Mr. M.'s move into a cocked hat" (Note to Game 4). No, no! don't call that one of Stanley's games. My conclusion may have been "dippant," as you term it, but it was not hastily made. If some twenty-two variations, carefully played with a good player, and all but one lost by admitted carelessness, ending in Black's favor, enable a tolerably cool-headed player to arrive at a "dippant" conclusion—concluded in his adversary's—then so let it be recorded.

Pressing demands upon my time and thoughts alone prevent me from accepting your challenge to play a match with you, from the tenth move. Even could I do so at present, I might, I think, reasonably object to the chance of seeing which your "provided" imposes. There was no such proviso in the game between Messrs. S. and M., and it would not be fair to require any such for the purpose of testing the strength of a particular previous move. I can, at present, only hope that you will meet a champion from the tenth move.

Should it be my fortune to visit your city, I shall endeavor to make time to call upon you, and form an acquaintance, face to face, over the battle-field. With best wishes, yours, most truly,

REPLY.

You see the estimation in which we hold your correspondence, by giving your last letter a special notice. In waging a general friendly war with "paper bullets of the brain," we often encounter an adversary from whom there are shots to receive as well as give. *Beefsteaks!* We are right sorry that we cannot honestly "agree to differ" on some point that would elicit a sharp correspondence, since we do not

As that of some vain carpet knight!

but rather experience

"That stern joy which warriors feel

In tomen worthy of their steel."

The note to which you refer was given with quotation-marks, the expression having been used by Stanley at the commencement of the game. We think that the move for first player of 11 to K 4, or Q to K 3, will "knock Mr. M.'s improvement" into a cocked hat," but that made by Mr. Stanley in all four of his games will not. Hence we renew our offer to play a match, but must insist on coupling it with the proviso mentioned in our last. If you are really so young a player (which we find somewhat difficult to believe), your "twenty-two variations" cannot be equal to those of our first analysts, who have given this matter their attention. We feel that you are, most decidedly, *not* of that numerous class of players—of whom we have a striking example in our eye—that have neither any particular originality, intellect, nor talent for the game, and hence can never attain excellence beyond a certain point, but who think they possess great skill because they can play tolerably well, and have had the good fortune to win at small odds of the players that underrated their strength, and who become so conceited over the accident that they are perpetually *dancing* their betters to get up paltry matches between themselves and others, not for any love of the game, but for a personal pique that ignobly desires to see their opponent vanquished. There are champions in chess as well as in literature, to whom we commend these lines of Pope, slightly varied to suit such individuals:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;

Drink deep, or taste not the Caledonian spring.

There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,

And drinking largely sober it again."

We are tempted to lag in here, by the head and shoulders, Hamlet's advice to the players. It is so apposite (with trifling variations that the reader can make to himself) to our purpose, and its application will be so well understood by those for whom this digression is intended:—"O, there, players, that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—and to speak the truth, that neither having the accent or Christian, nor the gift of Christian, paragon, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably!"

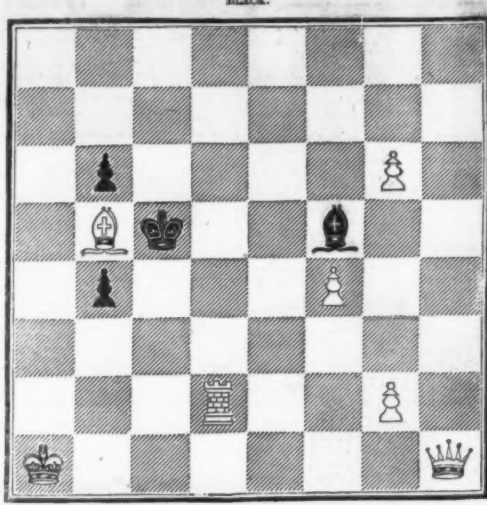
Should you visit the city, our friend Mr. Secretary Perrin has his late-string always hanging outside the club door, at No. 126 East Tenth street, where we should be happy to know you over the board—though, judging from your nettle and bottom, we are already more than half-inclined to say, with Mr. Andrew Assie Cheek, "Plaque on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned, ere I'd have challenged him."

A. W. K.—There is no penalty attached to the procedure of which you complain. If your opponent *does* "check" without giving it, and you move your king in consequence, you have no right to retract, although he is thereby entitled. If intentional on the part of your adversary, it is a contemptible trick, unworthy of a true chess player. In this case, however, the many courtesy and uniform gentlemanly conduct of your opponent are a single guarantee that it was not.

M. LEBRON.—You were perfectly right. You can never make a move that puts your king in check. If your pawn, by capturing the piece which was *en prise*, uncovered check upon your king, and you had no other move, the game was drawn, of course, by *en passant*.

"JOURNAL," FRANKLESBURG, L. E. Troy; and L. D. J. R., N. Y., will be answered next week.

## PROBLEM X.—By H.—White to move, and mate in three moves.



GAME X.—IRREGULAR OPENING.—THE FRENCH GAME.—This game was the fifth in a tournament at the club, played for a magnificent set of chess-men, Staunton's pattern. The contestants were Mr. Perrin, the Secretary of the Club, whose portrait we sketch in this number, and Mr. Thompson, who has already been placed in our "gallery." It is but fair to state that Mr. Thompson won the match, although Mr. Perrin was the victor in the present game.

BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
Mr. Perrin.	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Perrin.	Mr. Thompson.
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 3	26 Q R to Q	26 B home
2 P to Q 4	2 P to Q 4	27 Q to K R 5	27 Q to K R 5
3 P takes P (a)	3 P takes P	28 Q to K R 4	28 B to K B 4
4 K R to Q 3	4 K R to B 3	29 B takes B	29 R takes B
5 Q R to K 3	5 K B to Q 3	30 K R to K 4	30 Q to K K 4
6 K R to B 3	6 Castles	31 Q to K 4	31 Q R to Q (i)
7 Q R to Q 2	7 Q B to K 3	32 Q takes Q	32 R takes Q
8 Castles	8 Q Kt to Q 2	33 P to Q 6	33 K to K B
9 P to Q B 3	9 P to Q B 3 (b)	34 P to K 6	34 K home
10 Q to Q B 2	10 P to K R 3	35 P to K B 4	35 R to K B 4
11 P to K R 3 (c)	11 Q R to Q B	36 K to K 3	36 P to Q K 3
12 Kt to K R 2	12 Kt to K R 4	37 K to K 4	37 P to K K 3
13 K B to K 2	13 Kt to K B 5	38 R to K 5	38 R to B 3
14 B takes Kt	14 B takes B	39 P to K R 4	39 P to Q R 3
15 Q Kt to K B 3	15 K to K 4	40 P to K R 5	40 P takes K R P (ch)
16 P to K K 3	16 B to Q 3	41 K takes P	41 R takes K B P
17 K R to K 3	17 Kt to K B 3	42 K takes R P	42 R to K B 7
18 B to Q 3 (d)	18 Kt to K 5 (e)	43 R to K K 5	43 R to R 7 (ch)
19 K to K 5	19 B takes Kt	44 K to K 6	44 R takes Q Kt P
20 P takes B	20 Q to Q K 3	45 K to B 6	45 R to B 7 (ch)
21 K to Kt 2	21 P to Q B 4	46 R interposes	46 R takes Q R P
22 P to Q B 4	22 P to K B 5	47 P to Q 7 (ch)	47 R takes P
23 Q B P takes P	23 K B P takes P	48 P takes R (ch)	48 K to Q sq
24 P to K B 3 (f)	24 P takes Kt	49 K to K 6	49 R to K 7 (ch)
25 B takes Kt	25 B to Q 2	50 K to Q 6	and white resigns.

## NOTES TO GAME X.

The student will derive pleasure and profit from a study of the French Opening. "Close" games like this are less hazardous and consequently less brilliant than any of the regular openings, particularly the gambits, but, after all, they are more solid and instructive. They show real chess strength, because they throw the player more upon his own resources, and lead him to depend less upon book "knowledge." Major Janisch's analysis of this opening is, perhaps, the most complete. Staunton treats it at pp. 269 of his "Handbook," and Walker at pp. 125 of his "Art of Chess Play," under the head of the King's Pawn-opening. It is certainly the safest method of conducting the defense.

(a) Pushing the pawn to K 5 gives the second player decided advantage.

(b) Pawns and pawns are alike in place. This is the natural result of close openings, which usually permit both players to deploy their whole force, before either side can frame an attack.

(c) We do not see the particular necessity of advancing the rook's pawn at this point. In some of Anderson's games, in precisely similar positions, he permits the bishop to line his knights, and if B takes Kt, then P takes B, the king marching boldly to the support of the doubled pawn, and that, too, when all the pieces are on the board. Walker says of this move, "It is a bold move, and one that, in the game, to restrain the adverse bishop from pinning their kni. This is sometimes good play, but should not be uniformly adopted; since in many instances, the threatened attack can be met in another way, and when this pawn is advanced, its position is committed, and the adversary shapes his attack accordingly. Supposing you to have castled with K R, and not to have played K R P, the adversary is in doubt as to what position the pawns will assume, and must advance to attack with proportionate caution."

(d) We would have preferred Kt to K 5.

(e) This game verifies what we have said of the respective players; the one bold and attacking, the other sure and cautious.

(f) Much the best move. Black's play along here is quite Philidorian, as he managed to secure two central passed pawns, by the weight of which he ultimately won the game.

(g) Black has now a winning game, not so much by his numerical superiority as his strong position.

(h) We would have played R to Kt.

(i) Had white here exchanged queens, he would certainly have gained a pawn, and had an equal chance to arrest the onward march of the central pawns.

## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM IX.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q to Q 6	1 If R checks
2 B covers (ch)	2 K to B 5
3 Q to Q 5. Checkmate.	
	1 If K to Q 6
2 R to K 4 (ch)	2 K takes B
3 Q P 1. Mate.	

GAME OF CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.—THE DRAUGHT PLAYER'S CHRONICLE, A Monthly Magazine devoted wholly to Draughts.

To be arranged on a plan similar to the Chess Player's Chronicle; each No. comprising 32 pages; numerous diagrams; best plate paper; from 15 to 20 games played by the best Masters in America and Europe, each subjected to the severest analysis, with copious notes. Terms.—To those out of the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, or Hoboken, \$1.50 per year; six Nos. for 75 cents (in advance). Delivered to subscribers in the above places for 12½ cents per No., to be paid for on delivery. Address I. D. J. SWEET, Editor, New York.

We insert the above prospectus, because draughts, though immeasurably inferior to the king of games, is yet nearer allied to chess than any other game. We doubt very much the success of the experiment. In the first place there is not variety enough in draughts to warrant a monthly issue of original matter that will sufficiently interest players. Then our friend N. MARACHE ESQ., who conducts this department of the "Clipper," gives large space to the subject weekly, and is fully competent to the task. And again Mr. Stanley's new Chess Magazine proposes to embrace draughts, whist, &c., and this must, consequently, be more attractive than a periodical devoted to chequers alone. We will say, however, that we do not desire to throw cold water upon the projected enterprise, and will inform our readers that Mr. Sweet is one of the very best draught players in the country.

**THE REBELLION IN CHINA.**—A gentleman in China, writing to a friend in Exeter (Eng.), says: "The rebellion still continues in China, but is now principally confined to the mountainous parts. The rebels in the neighborhood of Canton were some time since driven away and captured, and the trade has been revived. By a report, obtained recently from good authority, it appears that upwards of 70,000 men have been publicly executed in Canton since the commencement of the Chinese new year, on the 17th of February last. The same authority states the number put to death at Shan-king-fu at 27,000, and about 25,000 at the taking of the port in Bleimhen Reach, and that subsequent captures among the villages thereabouts. I believe, however, that the numbers are very much understated. I was at Canton in February last; and visited the rebels at the fort in Bleimhen Reach. I went also to the execution ground at Canton, and it struck more than half-a-dozen slaughter-houses. The sides of the walls were sprinkled and covered with blood. The clothes and 'tails' of the unfortunate wretches were lying in heaps, and the ground was covered and clotted with dried cakes of human blood. In many of the villages near Bleimhen Fort, and other places adjoining, houses have been erected where suspected or proscribed persons may commit suicide, and thus save their posthumous reputations, and be buried by their friends; and hundreds are said to have gone to those places (where their bodies would be identified) and put an end to their existence by hanging or taking opium. Many women (probably those who had lost all hope of support or safety) have also destroyed themselves. Such things as these show how sad is the state of native society, and how wide-spread is the desolation the insurrection had caused in that province. Its results, so far as one can judge, have been unmitigated evils to the people of both parties. On the 9th inst., one of the leaders, named Kim Sin, was put to death by a lingering punishment, having been cut up into 108 pieces. There were three grades of this mode of execution; the other two, where the criminal is divided into 24 or 36 pieces, not being considered so disgraceful. This leader headed the band which threatened the north of the city last autumn and winter. More than 300 of lesser note were executed the same day, and on one day last month over 700 were executed. There has been a festival of seven days lately held, something like an 'All Souls' festival, for the repose of the spirits of the officers and soldiers killed during the contest. One of the most affecting sights connected with the matter is that of 100 or more coolies, lounging about the streets, waiting for the execution, that they may pounce upon and seize the yet palpitating bodies, to hurry off with them to the pits. I have no doubt that the number of lives lost on both sides throughout the empire, since the rebellion commenced, is 2,000,000."

## MONEY MARKET.

THURSDAY, Feb. 7, 1856.

The severity of winter continues with unabated vigor, holding our rivers within its icy bonds, and impeding the travel on all our lines of communication with the interior.

The harbors of Philadelphia and Baltimore are frozen up, and our own is so obstructed with fields of ice, as to make navigation difficult and dangerous. The rivers are ice bound as far south as Natchez—an unprecedented circumstance. This extreme weather prevents the transportation of produce from the country, and some acceptances made against provisions and grain from the West are being renewed.

Our exports would present a greater magnitude were it not for this dull condition of things. The exports from the different ports of the United States of Breadstuffs to Great Britain and the continent, since the 1st September, 1855, are 14,050,000 bushels of all kinds, against 4,500,000 bushels for the same time 1854-55.

Our imports have increased about 7 per cent. since the commencement of the fiscal year of 1st July, 1855, yet, including the large exports of cotton from the South, the quantity of domestic produce sent abroad since the commencement of the same fiscal year is nearly \$30,000,000 in excess of the same time of 1854-55, and will no doubt increase in a greater ratio when trade revives.

The growing importance of our Canadian trade under the reciprocity treaty is apparent from the following statement from the Custom House returns:

	Season of 1854.	Season of 1855.
Value of Imports.....	\$1,000,292	\$6,139,743
" " Exports.....	1,178,925	8,870,920
	2,179,217	15,010,663
		2,179,217
Increase in 1855.....		\$3,831,446

and it would, we believe, grow to a still greater extent if the principles of free trade were entirely adopted.

The peace news by the Arabia to the 14th January was received with some reserve, some parties believing it will require long negotiations to consummate a peace. Stocks were not materially affected beyond the first day after the reception of the intelligence.

The Bank averages are considered quite favorable:

	Jan. 26, '56.	Feb. 2, '56.	Inc.	Dec.
Loans.....	\$96,887,221	\$97,970,611	\$1,083,390	.....
Specie.....	12,733,059	13,640,487	907,428	.....
Circulation.....	7,406,986	7,622,826	215,840	.....
Deposits.....	78,918,315	82,269,061	3,350,746	.....

Each department exhibits an increase, and the amount of specie that is added will aid the expansion of loans, which are required at this season of the year.

The Texas Legislature has accepted the Compromise Bill of last Congress for the payment of \$7,750,000 to her creditors. This will withdraw from the Sub Treasury a corresponding amount in gold at an early day, and increase so much our metallic currency.

The Africa, on the 6th inst., took out about \$304,000 in specie, and gold bars will probably be now sent out to a moderate extent. The non-arrival of the Southern mails kept the market poorly supplied with exchange. It is selling on London at 6½ per cent in New Orleans, and here it rose to 8½ (8½ per cent, but on the Continent it was comparatively abundant.

Money is easy on call at 6 to 7 per cent, and may be considered 1 per cent cheaper for mercantile paper, the supply being now more ample for the wants of the community.

The Stock market this morning showed more life, and prices general advanced; Tenn. 6's, 90 @ 95; N. Y. 5's, 58 @ 101½; Virginia 6's, 94½; Missouri 6's, 85½; Ind. State 5's, 82½; Erie bds of 75, 87½; N. J. Cen. 1st mort., 90; N. I. 1st mort., 82½; Ill. Cen. bds., 84; Shoe & L. Bank, 108; Bk. of Commerce, 109½; Am. Ex. Bk., 117; Mer. Ex. Bk., 105; N. C., 2½; Cumb. Coal, 23½; Erie R., 64; N. Y. Cen. R., 90; Harlem R. 17½; Reading R., 87½; Hud. R. R., 81; Mich. Cen. R., 91; Panama R., 101; Mich. S. & N. I. R., 93½; Cleve. C. & Cin., 100; Gal. & Chi. R., 108½; Cleve. & Tol., 75; Chi. & R. I. R., 89½; Long Island, 32½.

The following are the last quotations that have been made during the week; Ind. State; Virginia 6's, 94½; Missouri 6's, 84; Hudson R. 2. mort. 83; Harlem 1st mort. 81½; New York 5's 62, 101; Ohio 6's, 80, 103½; Ohio 6's 80½; Louisiana 6's, 111 Cen. bds. 83½; Chi. & R. I. R. bds. 80; T. Haute 2nd mort. bds., 75; Mich. Sou. & N. I. R. bds., 91; Canton Co., 23½; Cumber-land Coal C. 23½; Mich. S. & N. I. R., 91½; Panama R., 100½; Harlem R., 17½; New York Central, 90; Gal. & Chi. R. 109½; Cleve. & Tol., 74½; Chi. & R. I. R., 89½; Ill. Central R., 96; C. & Pitts R., 87; Erie R. 63½; Hud. R. 81; Mich. Cen. R., 90½; N. H. & Hart., 100; Penn. Coal Co. 101½; N. C. 2½; Merchants' Ex. Bk. 106; Am. Ex. Bank; Bank of New York; Hanover Bank, 92½; Corn Ex. Bk., Exd., 100½.

## THE MARKETS.

THURSDAY, 7th February, 4 P. M.—Coffee.—Holders are asking higher prices, which are readily obtained. Rio has commanded better rates, 10½c @ 12c per lb. Java sells at 14½c @ 15c. St. Domingo, 10½c. Maracabo, 11½c @ 11½c. There is considerable speculation in Rio coffee at New Orleans.

Cotton.—The advance for the week has been ½c @ ¾c per lb.; the improvement arises from the prospect of peace being more positive, and the small stock, accompanied with the light receipts at various ports. Sales have been rather large at the improved prices, with a brisk demand. Midland uplands, 9½c. Midland gulf, 10c.

Flour and Meal.—Flour has given way about 50c per barrel on the common kinds of State and Western brands, but the Southern qualities are scarce, and there is not much alteration in price. This decline has been caused by the late news from Liverpool mentioning decreased lower quotations, and the expectancy of a still downward movement. The ice in the rivers continues to curtail the number of contracts, and entirely interrupts deliveries. The exports for the week are small. Ordinary State, 41½c. Mixed to fancy brands, 41½c @ 42½c. 54c for Western mixed; yellow and white Southern, 42c @ 43c.

Grain.—A decline is also noticed in this market of 4c @ 5c per bushel. The demand is only made to a small extent on account of the millers. The export trade is much reduced, as exporters decline giving the present rates, being unremunerative. The receipts are small, and the lots that are offered in the market are very few. Red Illinois, 41c. White Genesee, 43c. Mixed Southern, 41c. There is but little inquiry for wheat, even at these prices. Indian corn is very heavy at lower rates, sympathizing with the Liverpool market. 54c @ 55c for Western mixed; yellow and white Southern, 54c @ 55c.

Leather.—The prices are unchanged, receipts small, and the demand is limited. Nothing new in calf skins. Best No. 1 English salted splits, 55c @ 56c, and roans, 53c @ 54c. Binding leather, 27c @ 28c.

Metals and Iron.—Scottish pig sells at \$23 to \$24 from yard, and 20½c to arrive. No. 1 anthracite American, 22c—6 mos. Common bars, 20½c, and best bars, 26c @ 27c. Charcoal tin plate are held at 11½c @ 12c. The imports in January were only 2,500 boxes, against 24,000 boxes in January, 1855. Spelter, on the spot, 5½c; to arrive, 6c cash. Government bonds tin, 54c cash, and pig lead has improved with the prospects of peace.

Naval Stores.—Turpentine is quoted at 35c. Spirits of turpentine is not so firm; price to-day is 41½c @ 42c per gallon. Common rosin is somewhat lower, and noted to-day at 41½c @ 42c, and 41c @ 42c delivered. No. 1 has been sold 37½c.

Provisions.—The pork market is well supplied, and the quotations have been reduced to 15½c for mess, and 14c for prime, 7½c per barrel. Beef is rather larger in stock, and to make sales, earlier terms have to be submitted to, about 5c lower than last week; country prime, 40c @ 42c; and mess, 41c @ 42c. Beef hams sell at 11c @ 12c for inferior to prime. Cut meats are in fair request, at 1½c @ 1¾c for shoulders; 1½c @ 1¾c for hams. Lard is quoted at a decline, 10½c @ 10¾c per lb. Butter is steady at former prices. Cheese is in good inquiry at 9c @ 10c, according to quality. Fresh beef was in very short supply, in consequence of the cattle being detained on the various railroads, prices accordingly have been enhanced and the first quality sells at 11c @ 11½c per lb; medium quality, 10c @ 11c; poor quality, 9c. The stock of venison is very good.

Sugar.—The market is firm and the demand is steady. The foreign news has the effect of improving the position of holders. New Orleans, 7½c @ 8c. Molasses, 5½c. Crushed sugar has been much inquired for, and an advance of ½c is demanded.

Tobacco.—A large sale of Singapore Oolong has been made for the Philadelphia market, and 25c per lb has been the price reported. The impediments to the navigation cause a small business in other kinds.

Tobacco.—Nothing new to notice in this branch. Sales have been made at 11½c per lb for hids of Kentucky. Cases of seed leaf, 10c @ 12½c. Florida, 25c @ 30c.

The late election of Speaker at Washington being the topic of conversation, a wit remarked that the glory and



are employed in these departments.

**AMBEROTYPES.**—A new style of picture on glass, recently introduced in New York by Brady. They are durable as glass itself, most delicate and richer in tone than daguerotypes, and are not reversed.

**DAGUEROTYPES** copied by this process are rendered indestructible.

**DAGUEROTYPES** in every form of setting, executed in the most finished manner. Copies from old Pictures, Paintings, or Statues.

Our Strangers visiting this city are invited to call. 315 Broadway.





NIBLO'S THEATRE,—CLASSICAL DIVERTISSEMENT, "THE ISLE OF NYMPHS."

dark eyes and hair, his transformation was complete. Securing the services of a faithful native servant, and generally affecting to be deaf and dumb, Mr. West wandered for seven long years through various parts of the Chinese Empire, visiting places never before seen or known to Europeans. The result of this privation, personal danger and magnificent enterprise, was a portfolio of three hundred and fifty sketches, including scenery, religious festivals and social life, which pictures have formed the basis of Mr. West's Panorama, now open to the New York public.

As an instance of the vicissitudes through which Mr. West passed, we may mention, that at one time he was sailing in the China Sea, when his vessel was attacked by pirates, and his Portuguese companions murdered. Mr. West made a bold defence, and the freebooters agreed to save his life if he would yield without further resistance. The pirates then seized and stripped him of his clothing,

lashed him to a sofa in the cabin of the junk, robbed him of all the money he had, cut down the boat's sails, and threw them, with the anchors and chains, overboard, leaving the vessel to the mercy of the elements. By extraordinary exertions, Mr. West with the men forming his crew, whose lives had been spared, reached a place of safety. He then found himself entirely destitute of clothing, money, or any apparent means of extricating himself from his difficulties, yet he was not discouraged, nor, for one moment, turned aside from his determination to carry out his projects of illustrating Chinese life with his pencil.

The dress in which Mr. West is taken is that of an officer of high rank—being that of a governor-general of a province which is ruled over by many subordinate governors. This dress admits in the hat the distinguished ornament of a peacock feather with two eyes, and the red ribbon, which signifies rank next to the imperial commis-

sioner, such as was credited by the Emperor to negotiate a treaty with Mr. Cushing in 1843. It is the summer costume of the officials referred to. The coat, or gown, and under-garment are of the finest and most richly embroidered silk. The gown has a back and breast plate wrought in gold, emblems indicating the rank and office of the wearer. The case hanging from the girdle is a richly embroidered receptacle for a fan, which appendage no gentleman is ever without. One pouch is for money, the other for two watches, or time-pieces, which are always carried by gentlemen of rank and fashion, one, they say, regulating the other. The tobacco-pouch and pipe are always at hand, carried by an attendant or pipe and card bearer.

The costume Mr. West travelled in, was a disguise which denoted him a small merchant or trader, made of very plain material, and no way distinguished from the common people. His cap was in the shape of that worn in the costume represented, but without the honorable distinction of the button on the apex, and the still more important appendage of a peacock's feather.

#### NIBLO'S THEATRE, CLASSICAL DIVERTISSEMENT, THE ISLE OF NYMPHS.

THE beautiful spectacle from which our artist has selected his scene, is among the many for which Niblo's Theatre is so celebrated. It was brought out under the immediate control of Paul Brilliand, and illustrated by Mlle. Robert, Mlles. Genet, Windel, Marzette Flora and Julia Lelunan, and the *corps de ballet*. Its success has been complete, for which much is due to the admirable performance of Mlle. Robert, who it is generally conceded has seldom been surpassed by any danseuse who has visited this country.



GEORGE E. WEST, THE CHINESE TRAVELLER, AND ARTIST OF WEST AND HENNE'S EXCURSION TO CHINA AND JAPAN.  
(FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BRANT.)



WM. SUMNER, VICTIM OF THE "COBURN AND DALTON TRAGEDY."

#### WILLIAM SUMNER, VICTIM OF THE "COBURN AND DALTON TRAGEDY."

THE trial of Coburn and Dalton, of Boston, for the murder of Wm. Sumner, terminated on Saturday evening, the 2nd of February, in the acquittal of the grave charge, and a verdict of guilty of assault and battery! The melancholy circumstances that led to the death of Sumner, have already been detailed in our columns, the trial, though occupying *ten days*, elicited no facts of interest that had not already been given to the public by the indefatigable press.